

HEAVENWARD

FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL

F-46.112
M9643h

MES R. MURRAY,
WITH NEW AND OLD
FAVORITES
BY P. P. BLISS
AND OTHERS.

PUBLISHED
BY

S. BRAINARD'S SONS

CLEVELAND
OHIO

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HEAVENWARD

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS,

ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

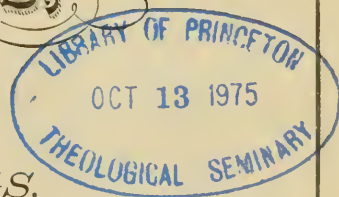
PRAISE MEETINGS,

And THE HOME CIRCLE,

—BY—

JAMES R. MURRAY.

PUBLISHED BY S. BRAINARD'S SONS, CLEVELAND, O.



PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

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M 964
1877

FIVE years ago, "PURE DIAMONDS" was issued by this House. It was followed two years ago by "JOYFUL SONGS," both of which have been received with marked favor by Sunday School workers throughout the land. Hundreds of thousands of these two works have been sold, and the demand for them is still very great. This fact demonstrates the confidence of our great army of Sunday School workers in this house.

In presenting "*HEAVENWARD*" we confidently claim that we have produced a collection of Songs for the Sunday School that has never been surpassed, and one that will strengthen the confidence shown our efforts in the department of Sunday School Song.

MR. JAMES R. MURRAY's reputation as a writer of pure and soul-stirring hymns of praise to God, is fully sustained in his latest efforts, to be found in these pages.

P. P. BLISS, who was an intimate friend and musical companion of Mr. MURRAY for many years, is represented in "*HEAVENWARD*" by many of his best and most popular sacred songs.

While nearly everything in this book is new, having been prepared expressly for it, we have thought it best to insert several song-gems which are always wanted and will never wear out. Among them we would mention "Hold the Fort," "What shall the Harvest be?" "Almost Persuaded," "Your Mission," "Only an Armour Bearer," "Sweet By and By," and others, which have become universal favorites in the Sunday School and Home Circle.

Particular attention is called to the "*Responsive Service*," a new and desirable feature to be found in this book.

Among the many excellent writers who have contributed to "*HEAVENWARD*" may be found the following:—

JAMES R. MURRAY,
P. P. BLISS,
H. R. PALMER,
JAMES G. CLARK;
S. M. GRANNIS
S. W. STRAUB.
H. E. KIMBALL,
F. G. SPENCER,

J. P. WEBSTER,
REV. J. B. ATCHINSON,
REV. R. R. CHOPE,
REV. EDWARD SEYMOUR,
REV. A. A. GRALEY
WM. T. ROGERS,
GEO. F. ROOT,
N. COE STEWART.

W. F. HEATH,
W. W. BENTLEY,
KARL REDEN,
J. H. TENNEY,
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN,
ROBERT S. LINDSAY,
J. H. KURZENKNABE,
DR. J. B. HERBERT.

FRANK M. DAVIS,
MISS S. C. HARVEY,
MARY E. KAIL,
J. H. LESLIE,
JOHN C. WARD,
T. W. WHITE,
A. W. HAVENS.
D. F. E. AUBER.

HEAVENWARD

Joyfully.

Words and Music by J. R. M.

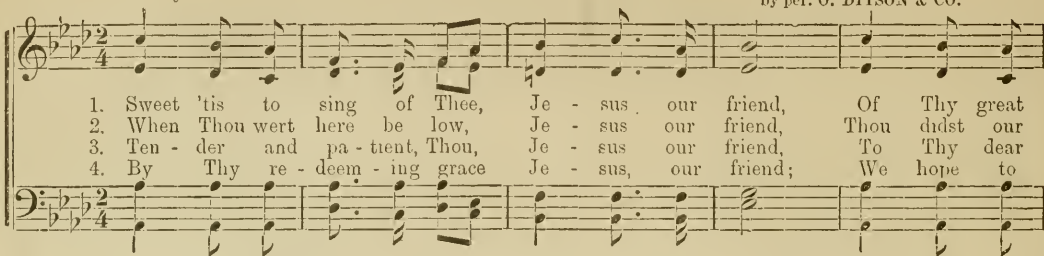
1. Heav - en - ward! Heav-en - ward! Let us sing as we are go - ing,
2. Heav - en - ward! Heav-en - ward! To the pas-tures ev - er ver - nal,

Heav - en - ward! Heav - en - ward! Where the heal - ing streams are flow - ing.
Heav - en - ward! Heav - en - ward! To the home that is e - ter - nal.

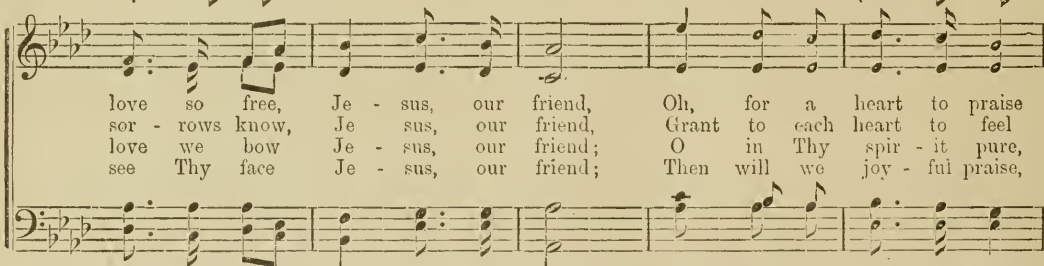
3 Heavenward! Heavenward!
Where our loved, (the King beholding)
Heavenward! Heavenward!
Wait again our arms' enfolding.

4 Heavenward! Heavenward!
End and aim of all endeavor,
Heavenward! Heavenward!
Peace, and Love, and Joy, for-ever!

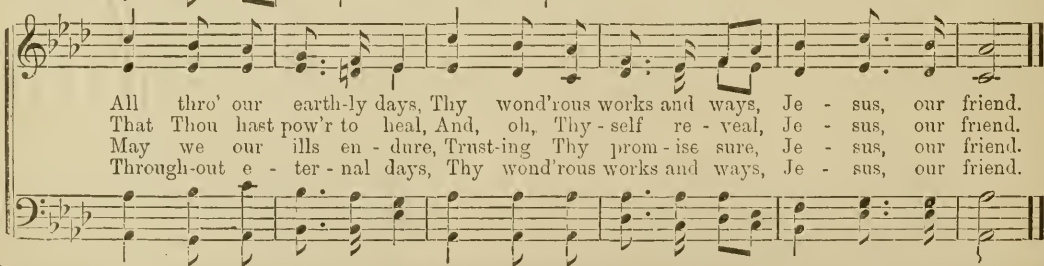
JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

*Earnestly*Dr. GEO. F. ROOT.
by per. O. DITSON & CO.


1. Sweet 'tis to sing of Thee, Je - sus our friend, Of Thy great
2. When Thou wert here be low, Je - sus our friend, Thou didst our
3. Ten - der and pa - tient, Thou, Je - sus our friend, To Thy dear
4. By Thy re - deem - ing grace Je - sus, our friend; We hope to



love so free, Je - sus, our friend, Oh, for a heart to praise
sor - rows know, Je - sus, our friend, Grant to each heart to feel
love we bow Je - sus, our friend; O in Thy spir - it pure,
see Thy face Je - sus, our friend; Then will we joy - ful praise,



All thro' our earth - ly days, Thy wond'rous works and ways, Je - sus, our friend.
That Thou hast pow'r to heal, And, oh, Thy - self re - veal, Je - sus, our friend.
May we our ills en - dure, Trust - ing Thy prom - ise sure, Je - sus, our friend.
Through - out e - ter - nal days, Thy wond'rous works and ways, Je - sus, our friend.

HOLD THE FORT.

5

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2: 25,

P. P. BLISS.

1. Ho! my com-rades, see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky, Re-in-force-ments
2. See the migh-ty hosts ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on; Migh-ty men a-
3. See the glo-rious ban-ners wav-ing, Hear the bu-gle blow, In our Lead-er's
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle ra-ges, But our Help is near; On-ward comes our

CHORUS.

now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh. "Hold the fort, for I am com-ing."
round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone.
name we'll tri-umph O-ver ev-ery foe.
Great Com-man-der, Cheer, my com-rades, cheer!

Je-sus sig-nals still, Wave the an-swer back to Heav-en, "By Thy grace we will."

GIVE ME JESUS.

Earnestly.

J. R. MURRAY. By Per.

1. Give me Je - sus and His love, I shall noth - ing want be - side; With him
 2. Bid all oth - er joys de-part, I shall hap - py, hap - py be; With his
 3. Will you have Him, friend of mine, Have his love, his heav'n, his home? O ac -

REFRAIN.

near where'er I rove, Nothing ill can me be-tide. Give me Je - sus Give me
 love with - in my heart, What can harm or hin - der me?
 cept this Friend Di-vine, "Who - so - ev - er will" may come!

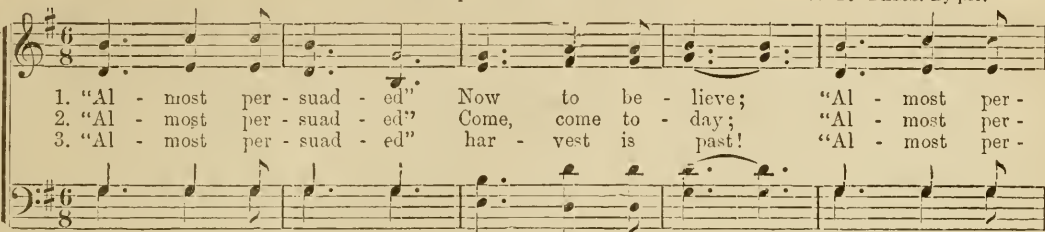
Je - sus, On the sea or on the shore, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus, I shall want for nothing more.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

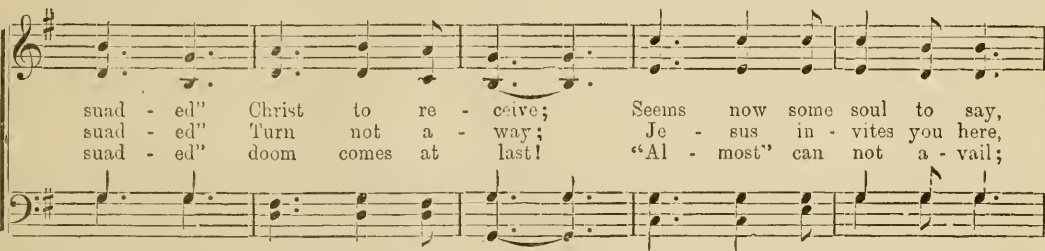
7

"Almost Thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

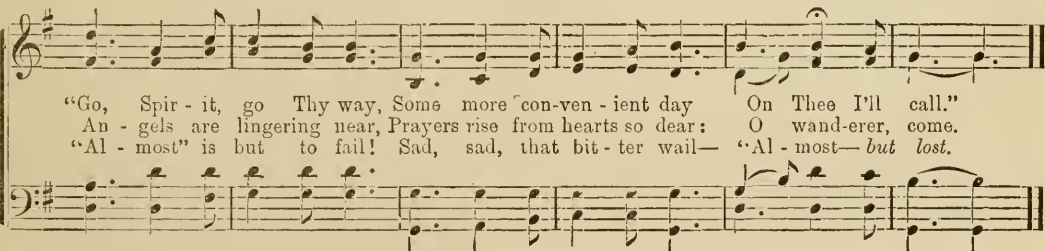
P. P. BLISS, By per.



1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per -
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Come, come to - day; "Al - most per -
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed" har - vest is past! "Al - most per -



suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say,
 suad - ed" Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here,
 suad - ed" doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail;



"Go, Spir - it, go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 An - gels are lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear: O wand - erer, come.
 "Al - most" is but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most— but lost.

HALLELUJAH!

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Fin - ished is the bat - tle now, The crown is
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Af - ter death that him be - fell, Je - sus
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! On the third morn He a - rose, Bright with

on the vic - tor's brow, The crown is on the vic - tor's brow; Hence with
 Christ hath con - quer'd hell, Je - sus Christ hath con - quer'd hell; Earth is
 vic - t'ry o'er his foes, Bright with vic - t'ry o'er his foes; Sing we

sad - ness, Sing with glad - ness, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 sing - ing, Heav'n is ring - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 laud - ing, And ap - plaud - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

4 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

He hath closed hell's brazen door,

||: And Heaven is open evermore! :||

Hence with sadness! Sing with gladness, Hallelujah!

5 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

By Thy wounds we call on Thee,

||: From sin and death to set us free, :||

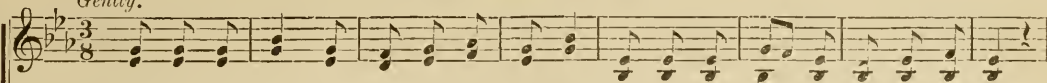
That our living, be thanksgiving! Hallelujah!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

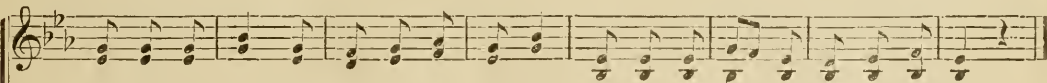
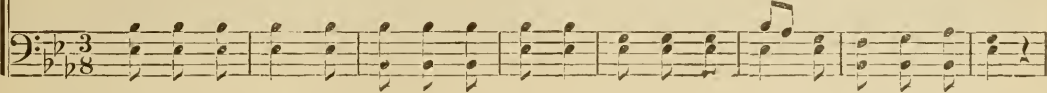
DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

9

Gently.



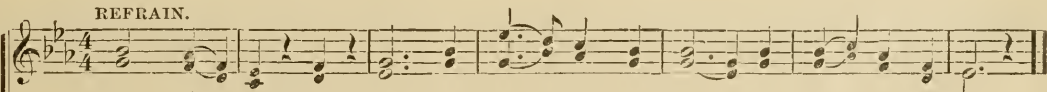
1. Tar-ry-ing here with ma-n-y af-flic-tions, Tar-ry-ing here for tri-als to come;
2. Jour-ney-ing yet on life's troubled o-cean, Where sin's wild bil-lows round us do foam,
3. Sor-row-ing now and bit-ter-ly weeping, Far from our heavenly rest do we roam;



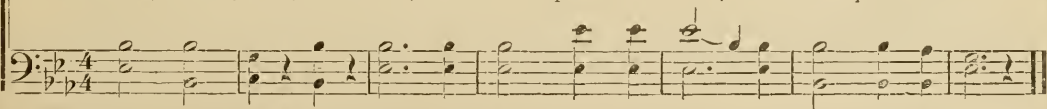
Do we all feel that this is but train-ing, Do we all know we're soon go-ing home.
Lift we our eyes with joy-ful e-mo-tion, See we a-far our beau-ti-ful home.
Still is our Fath-er all our steps keep-ing, Still is our Fath-er lead-ing us home.



REFRAIN.



Home, home, Sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, There's no place like home.



ABLE TO SAVE.

J. R. MURRAY. By Per.

Joyfully.

A - ble to save! yes, a - ble to save; Save to the ut-ter-most, Save to the ut-t-r-most,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'ABLE TO SAVE.' It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

A - ble to save, yes, a - ble to save, Save to the ut - ter-môst, all who will come.

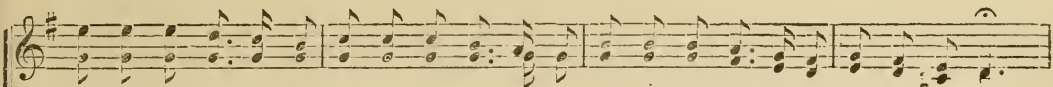
The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Come to the Migh-ty One, trust in His power, He is a re - fuge, a For-tress, a Tower,
2. Sink-ing in sin as in waves of the sea, Bound in the toils of it though we may be,

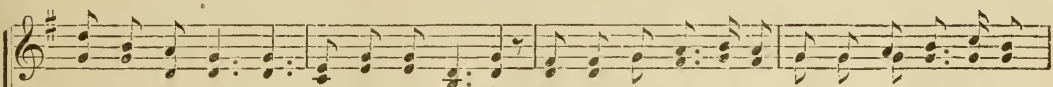
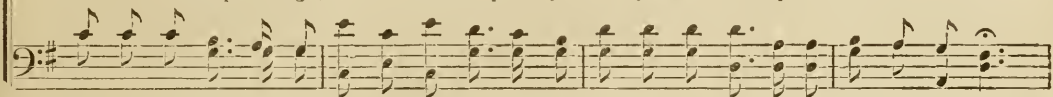
The third system of musical notation, featuring two verses of lyrics. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are written below the staves.

ABLE TO SAVE.—Concluded.

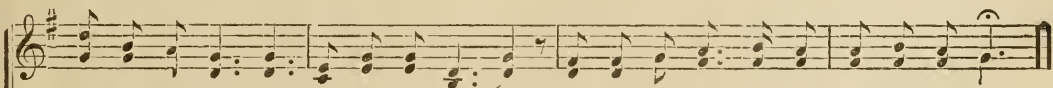
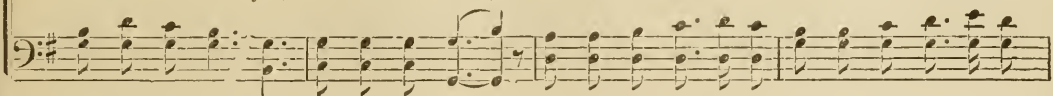
11



Deep tho' your guilt may be, Deep-er His love for thee, Stronger than sin is the arm of the Lord.
There is a Help-er nigh, O, to that Help-er fly, All ye who call up-on Him shall be saved.



A - ble to save! yes, a - ble to save; Save to the ut-ter-most, Save to the ut-ter-most



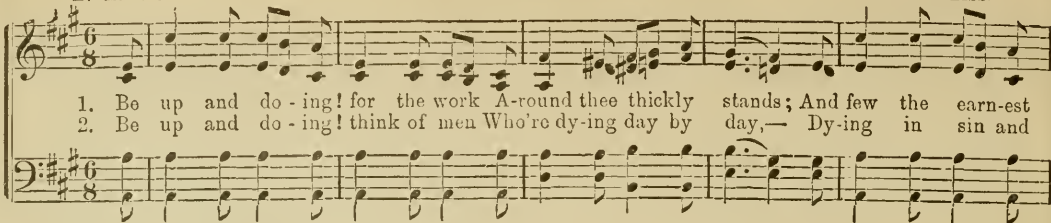
A - ble to save, yes, a - ble to save, Save to the ut - ter-most, all who will come.



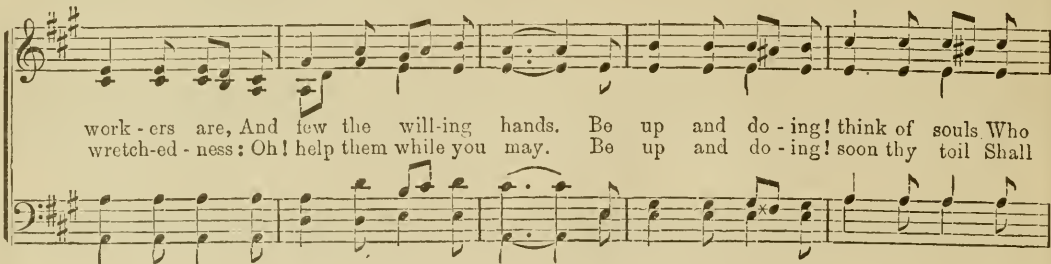
WILLING WORKERS.

E. A. W.

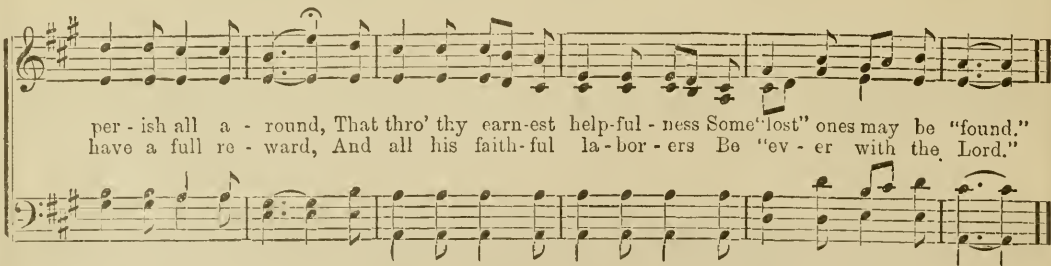
P. P. BLISS.



1. Be up and do-ing! for the work A-round thee thickly stands; And few the earn-est
2. Be up and do-ing! think of men Who're dy-ing day by day,— Dy-ing in sin and



work-ers are, And few the will-ing hands. Be up and do-ing! think of souls Who
wretch-ed-ness: Oh! help them while you may. Be up and do-ing! soon thy toil Shall



per-ish all a-round, That thro' thy earn-est help-ful-ness Some "lost" ones may be "found."
have a full re-ward, And all his faith-ful la-bor-ers Be "ev-er with the Lord."

I CANNOT TELL.

"In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man Cometh.

J. R. M.

13

1 I can-not tell the day nor hour, When God will send for me; If years or on - ly
 2. I can-not tell how soon these hands So bu - sy now—may rest With cold, cold' fin - gers
 3 I can-not tell how soon the blood Within my veins may chill, And lips that now are
 4. I can-not tell the day nor hour, When God my soul will call, To stand be - fore the

days will pass Be - fore His face I see; So I. will keep my way-ward heart From
 i - dly clasped Up - on my qui - et breast, So I will teach them help - ful deeds And
 red with life, In death be pale and still. So I will let no un - kind tones, From
 judgment seat *And hear its sen - tence fall; So I will keep it pure and true, With

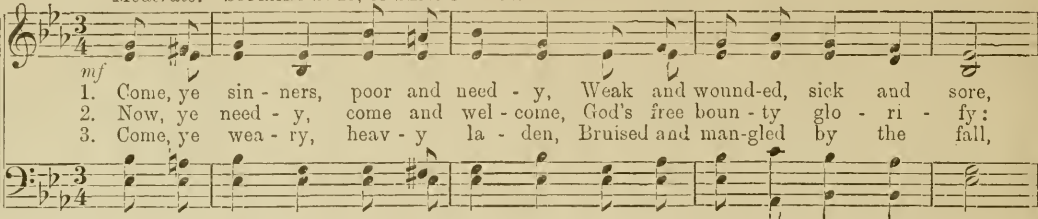
lov - ing earth too well, And bid my wand'ring thoughts each day On Christ and Heav'n to dwell.
 work of Christian love; Nor hold them em - pty un - to God * When I am called a - bove.
 lips of mine be heard, But keep them bright with tender smiles And sweet with lov - ing words.
 Je - sus' lov - ing aid, Then when I see His mes-sen-gers I shall not be a - fraid.

COME YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY.

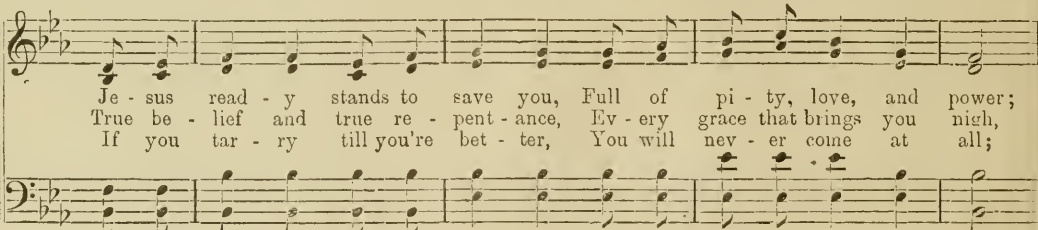
Music Composed by KARL REDEN, for the Sweet Singer, IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato. SOPRANO SOLO, or SEMI CHORUS.

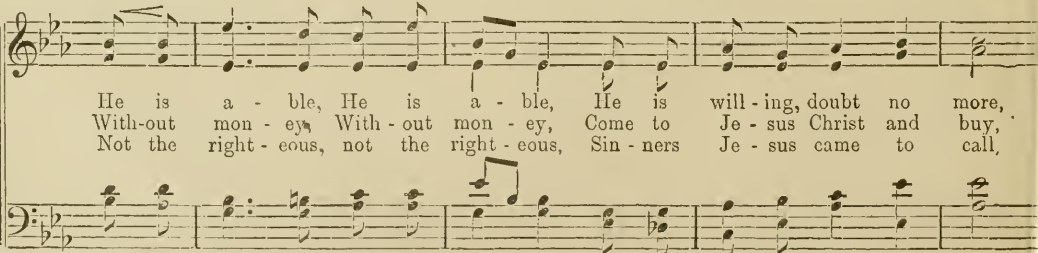
mf



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
 2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy:
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall,



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power;
 True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - ery grace that brings you nigh,
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all;

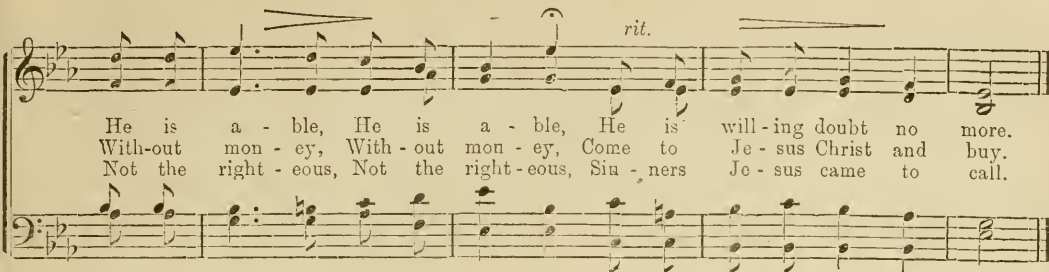


He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more,
 With-out mon - ey, With - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy,
 Not the right - eous, not the right - eous, Sin - ners Je - sus came to call,

COME YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY.—Concluded.

15

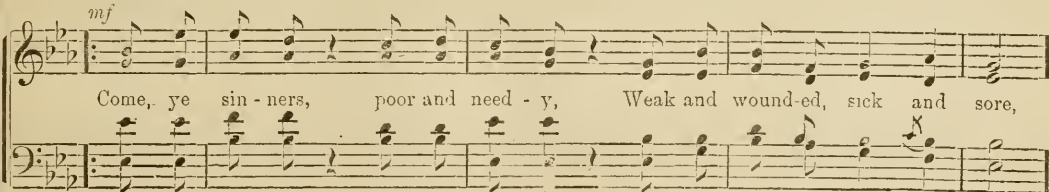
rit.



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing doubt no more.
 With - out mon - ey, With - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
 Not the right - eous, Not the right - eous, Sin - ners Je - sus came to call.

CHORUS.

mf



Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore,

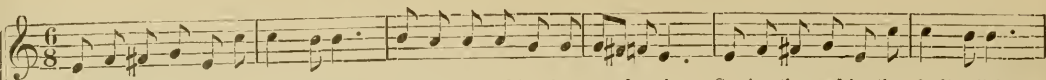
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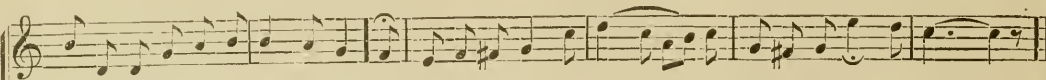
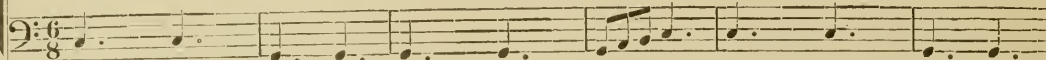
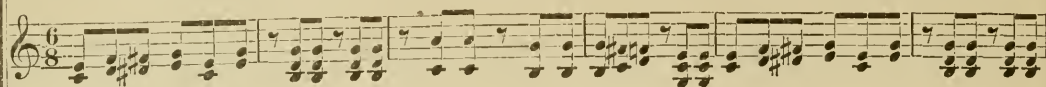
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

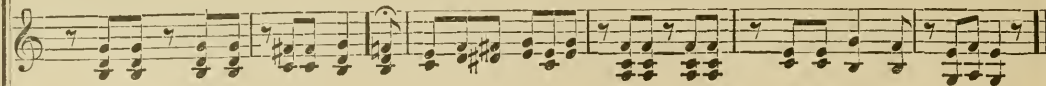
P. P. BLISS.



1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare, Sowing the seed by the fa-ding light,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rock to die, Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
3. Sowing the seed of a ling'ring pain, Sowing the seed of a madden'd brian. Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
4. Sowing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sowing the seed while the teardrops start, Sowing in hope till the reap-ers come,



Sowing the seed in the sol-enn night; Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
 Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil; Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
 Sowing the seed in e-ter-nal shame; Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
 Glad-ly to gath-er the har-vest home; Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....



WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE ?—Concluded.

17

CHORUS.

Sown in the dark - - ness or sown in the light,

Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,

Sown in our weak - - ness or sown in our might

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

Gathered in time or e - ter - ni - ty, sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be

Gathered in time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, harvest be.

har - vest be.

LORD OF OUR LIFE.

T. W. WHITE.

1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion Star of our night, and
 2. See round Thy ark the hun - gry bil - lows curl - ing, See how Thy foes their

hope of ev - ery na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy children's sup - pli - ca - tion,
 ban - ners are un - furl - ing, Lord while their darts en - venomed they are hurl - ing,

Lord God al - migh - ty.
 Thou canst pre - serve us.

3. Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
 Lord, Thou canst save when deathly sin assaileth,
 Lord, o'er Thy rock, nor death, ner hell prevaileth,
 Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

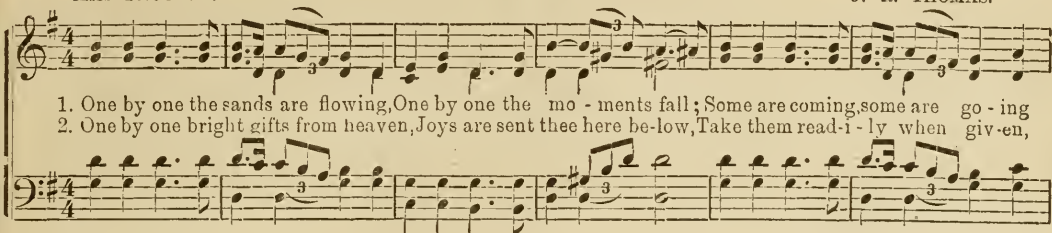
4. Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
 Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
 Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
 Peace in Thy heaven.

DO THY DUTY, GOD WILL KEEP THEE.

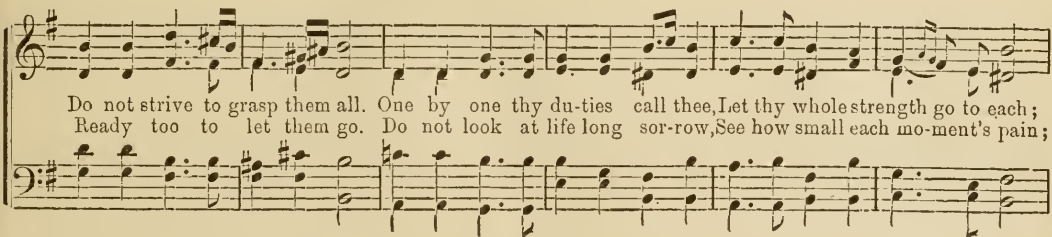
Miss PROCTOR.

J. R. THOMAS.

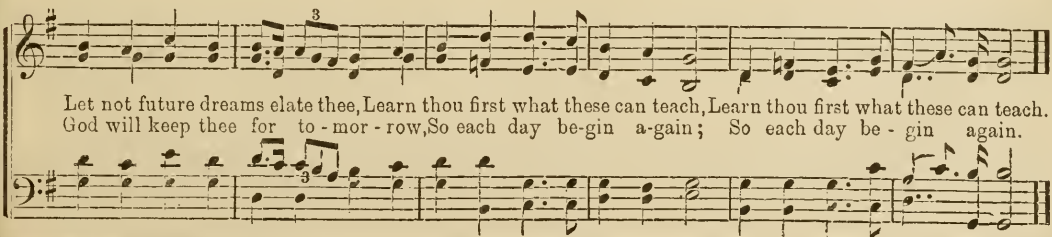
19



1. One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the mo - ments fall; Some are coming, some are go - ing
2. One by one bright gifts from heaven, Joys are sent thee here be - low, Take them read - i - ly when giv - en,



Do not strive to grasp them all. One by one thy du - ties call thee, Let thy whole strength go to each;
Ready too to let them go. Do not look at life long sor - row, See how small each mo - ment's pain;

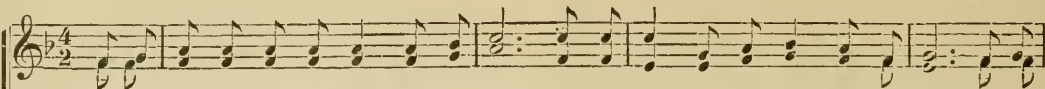


Let not future dreams elate thee, Learn thou first what these can teach, Learn thou first what these can teach.
God will keep thee for to - mor - row, So each day be - gin a - gain; So each day be - gin again.

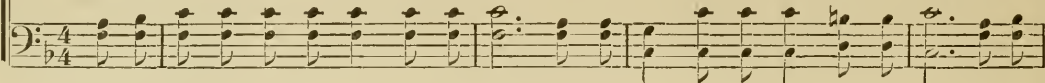
THE LAND OF LIGHT AND LOVE.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

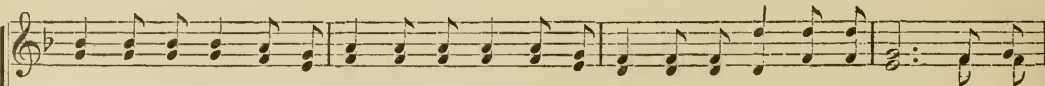
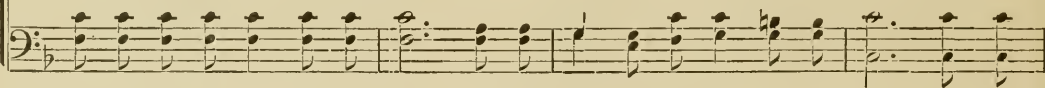
J. R. M.



1. There's a land of light and love far a - way, Where the long severed friends meet a - gain; Where the
 2. To that gold-en shore some dear ones have gone, And we trust we shall meet them a - gain, When that



long dark night and toil-wear-ing day, Nev-er tar - nish the bright gold-en plain; Where the
 glo-rious morn in lus - tre shall dawn, And we stand on the bright gold-en plain; By the

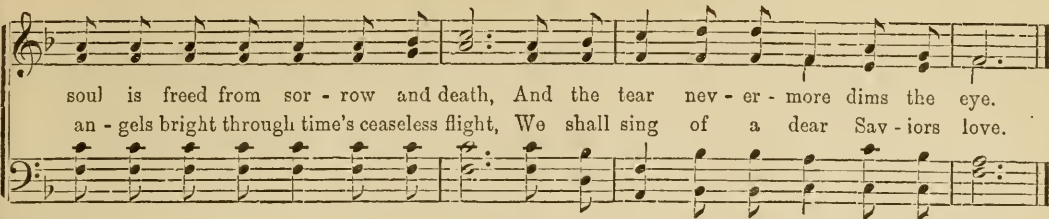


rude win-ter blasts nev-er chill with their breath, Nor the cold darkling storm glooms the sky, Where the
 riv - er of Life in the Ci - ty of Light, We shall roam with the lov'd ones a - bove; And with



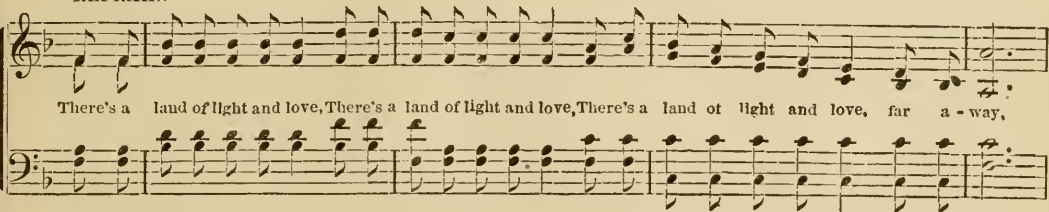
THE LAND OF LIGHT AND LOVE.—Concluded,

27

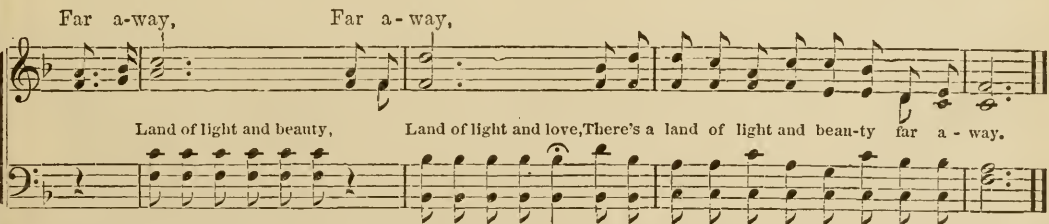


soul is freed from sor - row and death, And the tear nev - er - more dims the eye.
an - gels bright through time's ceaseless flight, We shall sing of a dear Sav - iors love.

REFRAIN.



There's a land of light and love, There's a land of light and love, There's a land of light and love, far a - way,

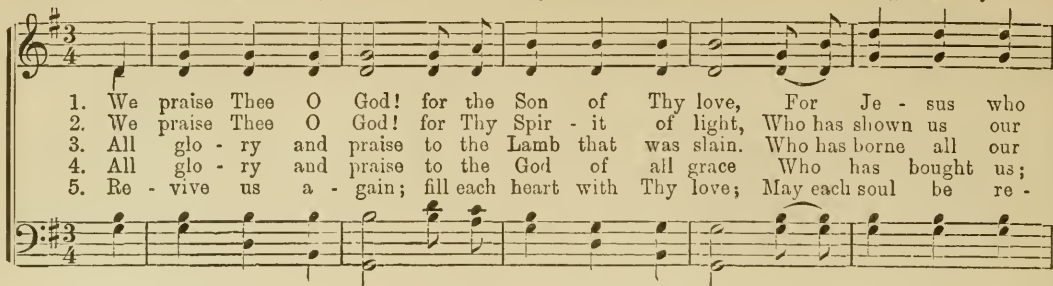


Far a - way, Far a - way,
Land of light and beauty, Land of light and love, There's a land of light and beauty far a - way.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

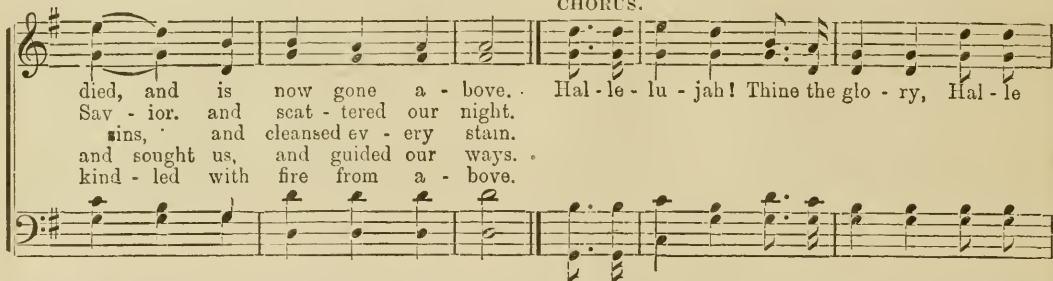
REV. WM. PATON MACKEY, 1866. "O Lord, revive Thy work."—HEB. 3: 2.

English Melody.

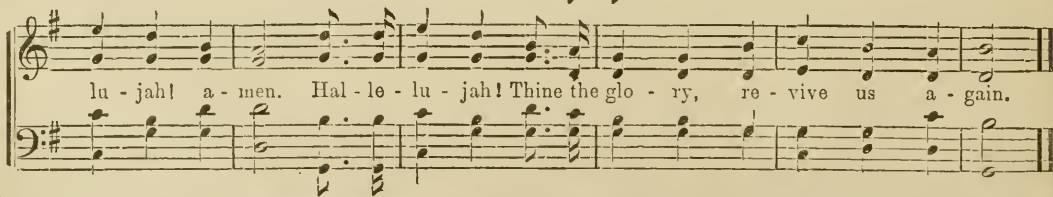


1. We praise Thee O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain. Who has borne all our
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace Who has bought us;
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

CHORUS.



died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le
 Sav - ior. and scat - tered our night.
 sins, and cleansed ev - ery stain.
 and sought us, and guided our ways.
 kind - led with fire from a - bove.



lu - jah! a - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

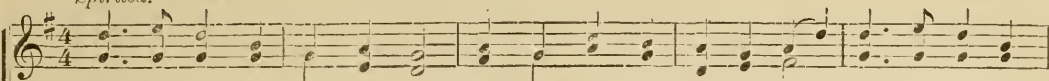
WOND'ROUS LOVE.

23

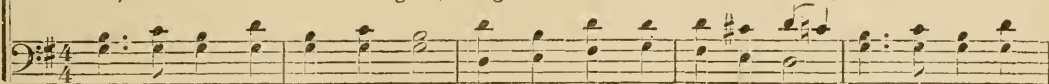
Spirited.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us."

J. R. M.



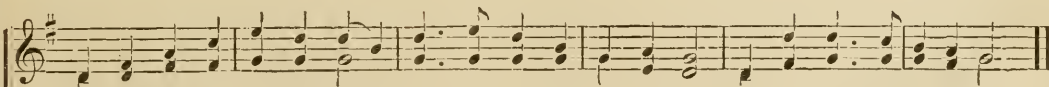
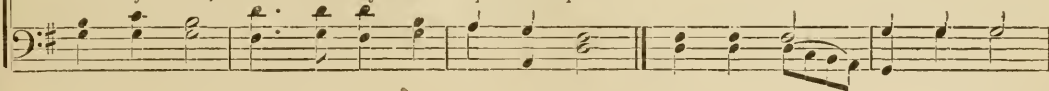
1. Sing my soul, His won-d'rous love, Who from you bright throne a - bove, Ev - er watch-ful
2. Heav'n and earth by Him were made, All is by his scep-tre sway'd, What are we that
3. God, the mer - ci - ful and good, Bought us with the Sav-ior's blood; And to make our



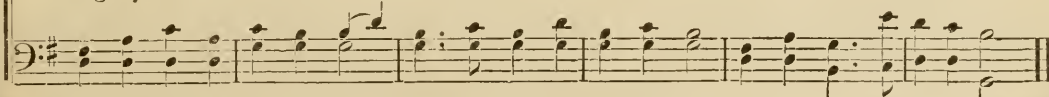
REFRAIN.



o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends His grace. Sing my soul Sing my soul,
He should show So much love to us be - low?
safe - ty sure, Guides us by His Spir - it pure.



Sing my soul his wond'rous love, Praise him, till he calls thee home, Trust his love for all to come.

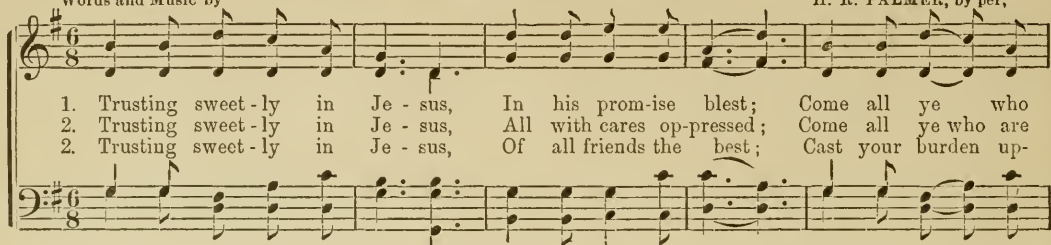


TRUSTING SWEETLY IN JESUS.

Words and Music by

INSCRIBED TO G. W. ARBUCKLE

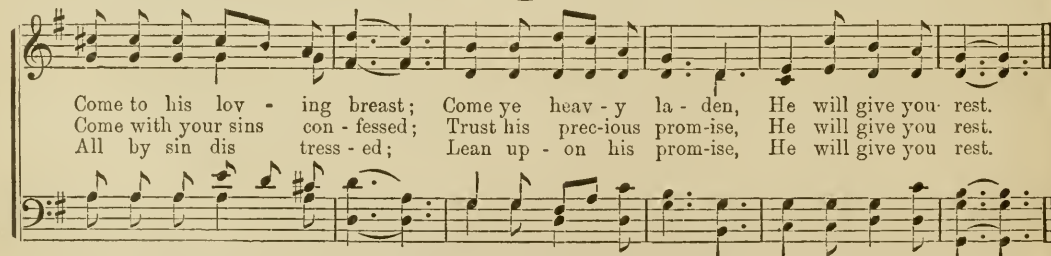
H. R. PALMER, by per,



1. Trusting sweet-ly in Je - sus, In his prom-ise blest; Come all ye who
 2. Trusting sweet-ly in Je - sus, All with cares op-pressed; Come all ye who are
 2. Trusting sweet-ly in Je - sus, Of all friends the best; Cast your burden up-



la - bor, He will give you rest, Come to the bles - sed Foun-tain;
 wea - ry, He will give you rest, Come to the bles - sed Sa - vior;
 on him, He will give you rest, Trust in his gra - cious par - don;

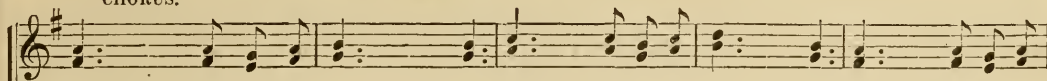


Come to his lov - ing breast; Come ye heav - y la - den, He will give you rest.
 Come with your sins con - fessed; Trust his prec-ious prom-ise, He will give you rest.
 All by sin dis tress - ed; Lean up - on his prom-ise, He will give you rest.

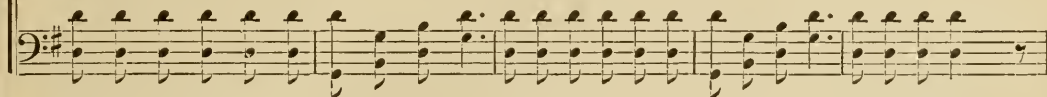
TRUSTING SWEETLY IN JESUS.—Concluded.

25

CHORUS.



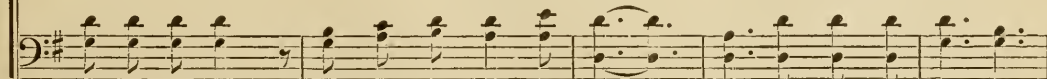
Trust sweet-ly in Je - sus; Trust sweetly in Je - sus; Oh, trust in his



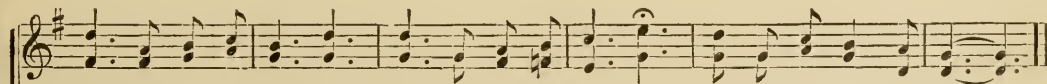
Trusting com-plete-ly and sweetly in him; Trust him all ye who are weary of sin; Come unto him,



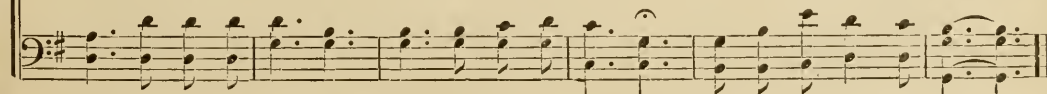
prom - ise Come to his lov - ing breast, He'll car - ry your burdens,



Come with your sin, Come to his lov - ing breast, He'll car - ry your bur-dens



All ye heav-y la - den Come ye who are wea-ry; Come and he'll give you rest.



THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

ANNIE CUMMINGS,

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.

WM. W. BENTLEY, by per.

1. Waiting is the gold-en har-vest, Wait-ing is the gold-en grain, While the Mas - ter
 2. Tru - ly is the har-vest plenteous, But the la - bor - ers are few. Pray ye that the
 3. Will the Mas - ter hold us guilt-less, If the work be left un-done? If for lack of
 4. Haste, oh, has - ten, will-ing work-ers Swift-ly speed the hours a - way; Hark - en to the

REFRAIN.

calls for rean-ers From the hill - side and the plain? Who is will-ing? who is read - y?
 Lord of har-vest Send forth workmen tried and true.
 la - bor per - ish Pre-cious souls we might have won.
 Mas-ter's warning, "Work ye while 'tis called to-day.

Who will go and work to - day? See the gold-en harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away?

THE SHINING SHORE.

27

DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would not de - tain them
 2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis-cern-ing; Our ab - sent Lord has
 3. Let sor-row's rud - est tem-pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er, Our King says "Come" and

REFRAIN.

as they fly, These hours of toil and dan - ger. For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our
 left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing.
 there's our home, For ev - er, oh, for ev - er.

friends are passing ov - er; And just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis-cov - er.

WAITING FOR A BLESSING.

R. S. LINDSAY.

J. R. M.

1. Sav - ior now we hum - bly come, Wait - ing for a bless - ing. At the cross there
 2. Take un - ho - ly tho'ts a - way, Wait - ing for a bless - ing, On Thee, all our
 3. Lord may we be ev - er found, Wait - ing for a bless - ing, In Thee, stead - fast

still is room, Wait - ing for a bless - ing, Room for all who will be - lieve,
 sins we lay, Wait - ing for a bless - ing, Ev - ery bur - den ev - ery care,
 firm and sound, Wait - ing for a bless - ing, Then, what - ev - er may be - tide,

And Thy precious word re - ceive, Let us not thy spir - it grieve, Wait - ing for a bless - ing.
 All the grief we have to bear, Leave us, when we are in prayer, Wait - ing for a bless - ing.
 Tho' our friends may us de - ride, If we but in Thee a - bide, We'll re - ceive a bless - ing.

HIS LOVING ARMS AROUND ME.

29

"The ever-lasting arms."

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY

4-11-77.

Gratefully.

1. In want, and woe, in sin and shame, The bless-ed Sav-ior found me, He raised me up and
2. He whispered gentle pre-cious words, He burst the bands that bound me, He brought me to my
3. I walk no more a wea-ry way, Since my good Shepherd found me, How can I faint, or

gent - ly put His lov - ing arms a - round me. His lov - ing arms, His help - ful arms, The
Fath-er's house, His lov - ing arms a - round me.
fall, or fear, His lov - ing arms a - round me.

pre-cious arms that found me, The mighty arms that shield from harm, His loving arms a-round' me.

ONLY AN ARMOUR-BEARER.

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that is on the other side: it may be that the LORD will work for us; for there is no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I am with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the LORD saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."—SAM. 14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

P. P. BLISS. By Per.

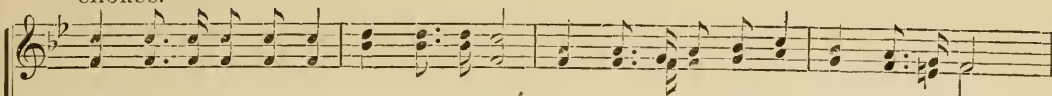
1. On - ly an armour-bearer, proud - ly I stand, Wait - ing to fol - low at the King's command;
 2. On - ly an armour-bearer, now in the field, Guarding a shin - ing hel - met sword and shield,
 3. On - ly an armour-bearer, yet may I share Glo - ry im - mor - tal and a bright crown wear:

March - ing if "on - ward" shall the or - der be, Stand - ing by my Cap - tain, serv - ing faith - ful - ly.
 Wait - ing to hear the thrill - ing bat - tle - cry, Read - y then to an - swer, "Mas - ter, here am I.
 If, in the bat - tle, to my trust I'm true, Mine shall be the hon - ors in the Grand Review.

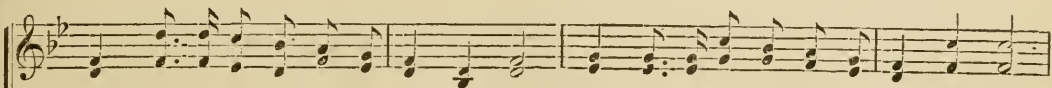
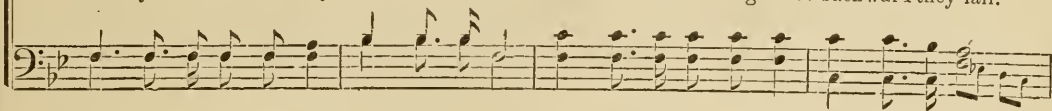
ONLY AN ARMOUR-BEARER.—Concluded.

37

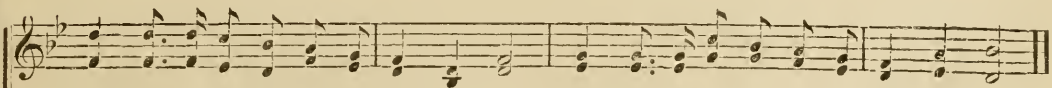
CHORUS.



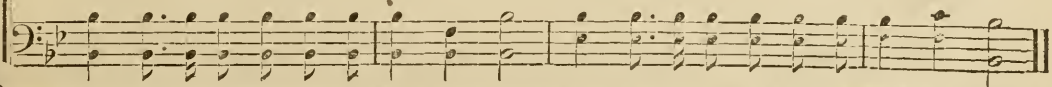
Hear ye the bat-tle cry! "Forward," the call! See! see the faltering ones! backward they fall.



Sure - ly the Captain may de - pend on me, Though but an ar-mour-bear-er I may be,



Sure - ly the Captain may de - pend on me, Though but an ar-mour-bear-er I may be.



WHY NOT BE SAVED TO-DAY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. The Sav-ior stands waiting at mer-cy's gate To take all thy sins a - way,
 2. Thy sins, like a bur-den, are press - ing thy soul; Now heav - y thy sor - rows weigh!
 3. The Spir - it is call-ing in gen - tle voice, To woo thee from sin's dark way;
 4. The light of the mor-row may nev - er shine Up - on thy sin - dark-ened way;

If thou would'st be saved, then why longer wait? Oh why not be saved to - day?
 If thou would'st be freed from their long control, Oh why not be saved to - day?
 If Je - sus shall ev - er be made thy choice, Oh why not be saved to - day?
 To-mor-row per-haps may no more be thine, Then why not be saved to - day?

Why not be saved to - day? Why not be saved to - day?

To - day is the day of sal - va - tion and grace, ò why not be saved to - day?

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

ONWARD GO.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, on-ward go; Bear the toil, main-tain the strife
2. Let not sor-row dim your eyes, Soon shall ev-ery tear be dry: Let not foes your course im-pede,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
Great your strength if great your need.

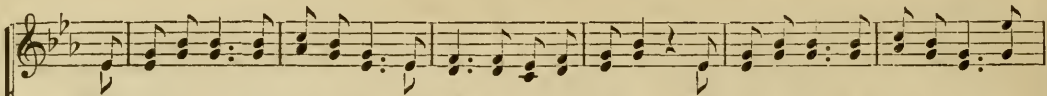
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March in heavenly armonr-clad;
Fight nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

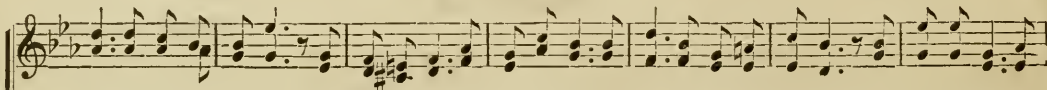
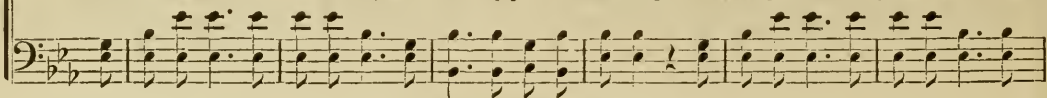
4 Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though oppressed by many a foe,
Christian Soldiers onward go!

IF GOD APPROVES, WHAT MATTER?

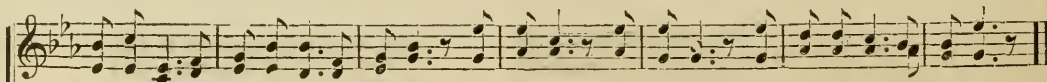
J. R. M.



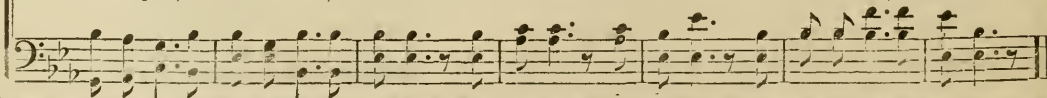
1. What mat-ter, friend, if you and I May sow and oth-ers gath-er? We build and oth-ers oc-cu-py, Each
2. What mat-ter tho' we sow in tears, And crops fail at the reap-ing? What tho' the fruits of pa-tient years, Have
3. What mat-ter tho' the cas-tle fall, And dis-ap-pear while building? Tho' "strange handwriting on the wall," Flame



la-b'ring for each oth-er; What tho' we toil from sun to sun, And men for-get to flat-ter, The no-blest work our
per-ish-ed in our keep-ing? Up-on our hoarded treasures, floods A-rise and tem-pests scat-ter. If faith be-holds be-
out a-mid the gild-ing; Tho' ev-'ry i-dol of the heart, The hand of death may scatter, Tho' hopes de-cay and



hands have done, If God ap-proves, what matter? What mat-ter? What mat-ter? If God ap-proves, what mat-ter?
- yond the clouds, A clear-er sky, what matter? What mat-ter? What mat-ter? A clear-er sky, what mat-ter?
friends de-part, If Heav'n be ours, what matter? What mat-ter? What mat-ter? If Heav'n be ours, what mat-ter?



OH! HOW HE LOVES!

35

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

JOHN C. WARD.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Oh! how He loves! His is love be -
 2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh! how He loves! Think, Oh! think how
 3. Thro' his name we are for - giv - en, Oh! how He loves! Back-ward shall our

yond a broth-er's, Oh! how He loves! Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us,
 much we owe Him, Oh! how He loves! With His prec - ious blood He bought us,
 foes be driv - en Oh! how He loves! Best of bless - ing He'll pro - vide us,

One day soothe, the next day grieve us, But this Friend will never leave us, Oh! how He loves.
 In the wil - der-ness He sought us, To His fold he safe-ly brought us, Oh! how He loves.
 Nought but good shall e'er be-tide us, Safe to glo - ry He will guide us, Oh! how He loves.

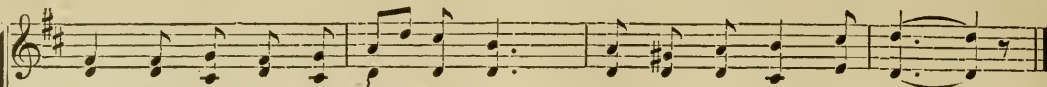
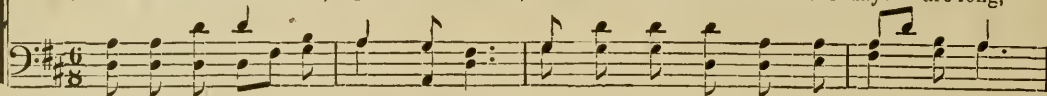
AFTER THE HARVEST, GOLDEN SHEAVES.

Mrs. MARY E. KAIL.

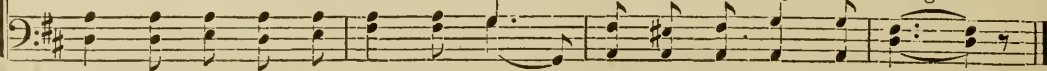
J. R. MURRAY.



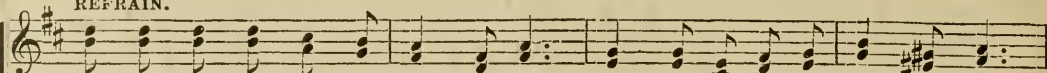
1. Af - ter the har - vest, gold - en sheaves; And when, the har - ves - ter's work is done,
2. Af - ter the har - vest, gold - en sheaves; Gathered a - round at the Mas - ter's feet,
3. Af - ter the har - vest, gold - en sheaves; Ye, who are sow - ing your seed in tears,
4. Af - ter the har - vest, gold - en sheaves; Though the toil - ers for Heav - en be few,
5. Af - ter the har - vest, gold - en sheaves; Then let us work while the days are long,



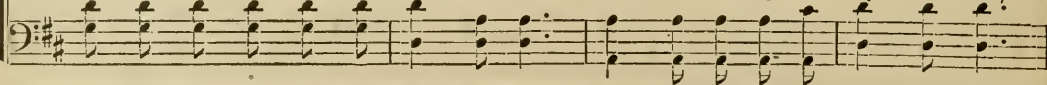
Joy, and glo - ry, and per - fect peace,—	In the new life, be - gun.
Mid sweet songs of tri - umph - ant praise.	Mak - ing our joy com - plete.
For the fruit of the work you do	Wait - ing for ma - ny years.
Hands that are will - ing can al - ways find,	Plen - ty of work, to do.
When the Lord of the har - vest comes,	Join in the reap - er's song.



REFRAIN.



This shall the song of the reap - er be, Rest, at clos - ing of day for me;



Then, on the bless - ed Re - deem - er's breast, I shall lie down to bliss - ful rest.

PRAYER FOR PURITY.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Words furnished by Miss M. F. K. from a poem by LUCY LARCOM,

J. R. M.

4-18-1877

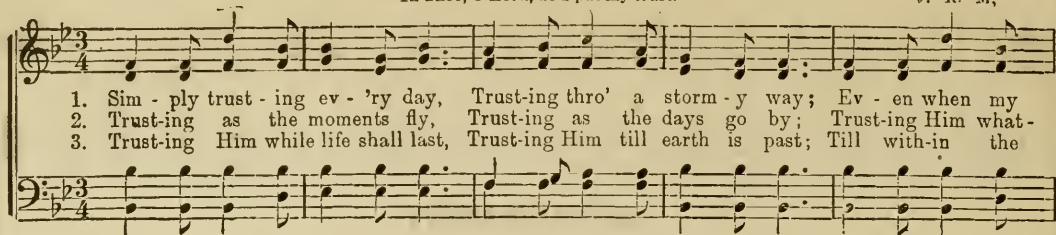
1. Heaven-ly Fath - er, I would wear An - gel gar - ments, white and fair;
 2. Take the rai - ment soiled a - way, That I wear with shame to - day;
 3. Let me wear the white robes here E'en on earth, my Fath - er dear;

An - gel ves - ture, un - de - filed. Wilt thou give un - to thy child?
 Give my an - gel robes to me, White with Heav - en's own pur - ity.
 Hold - ing fast thy hand, and so Through the world un - spot - ted go.

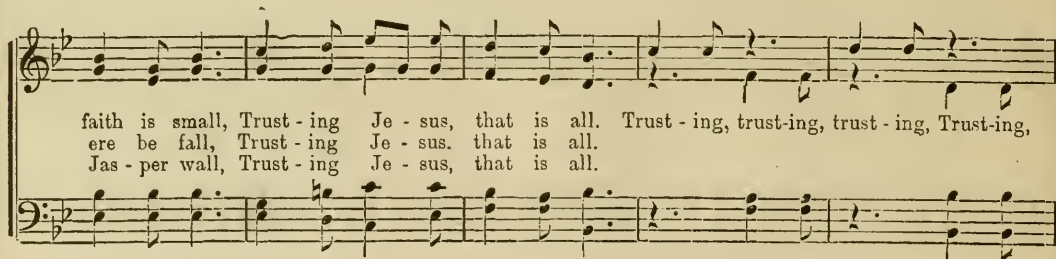
TRUSTING JESUS.

"In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

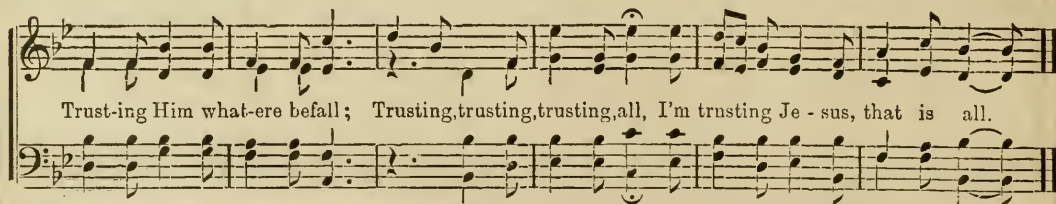
J. R. M.



1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm - y way; Ev - en when my
 2. Trust-ing as the moments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by; Trust-ing Him what -
 3. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past; Till with-in the



faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all. Trust - ing, trust-ing, trust - ing, Trust-ing,
 ere be fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 Jas - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.




Trust-ing Him what-ere befall; Trusting, trusting, trusting, all, I'm trusting Je - sus, that is all.

GO WORK FOR THE HARVEST IS NEAR.

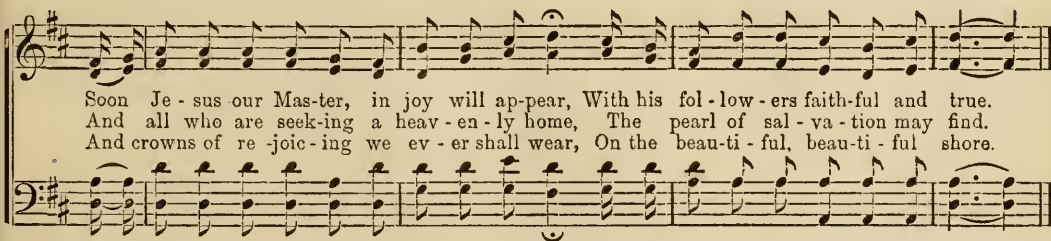
39

MARY E. KAIL.

WM. W. BENTLEY. by Per.

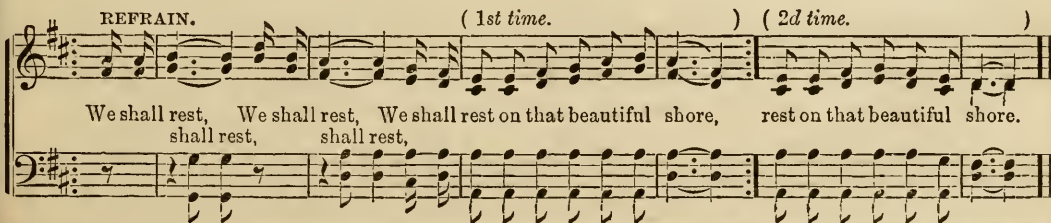


1 Go work for the har-vest is near, Go work, for the lab'ers are few;
 2 The poor and the need-y may come, The lame, and the halt and the blind,
 3 Bright beau-ti-ful palms we shall bear, With loved ones who've passed on be-fore;



Soon Je-sus our Mas-ter, in joy will ap-pear, With his fol-low-ers faith-ful and true.
 And all who are seek-ing a heav-en-ly home, The pearl of sal-va-tion may find.
 And crowns of re-joic-ing we ev-er shall wear, On the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful shore.

REFRAIN. (1st time.) (2d time.)



We shall rest, We shall rest, We shall rest on that beautiful shore, rest on that beautiful shore.
 shall rest, shall rest,

HE LEADETH ME.

"BELLE."

Earnestly.

1. "He lead-eth me!" Oh, bless-ed thought, Oh words with heav'n-ly com - fort fraught What-
 2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow - ers bloom, By
 3. Lord I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine, Con-
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace, the vic-tory's won, E'en

e'er I do, where - 'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me!
 wa - ters still o'er trou - bled sea, Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me!
 tent what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me!
 death's cold waye I will not flee, Since God through Jor - dan lead - eth me!

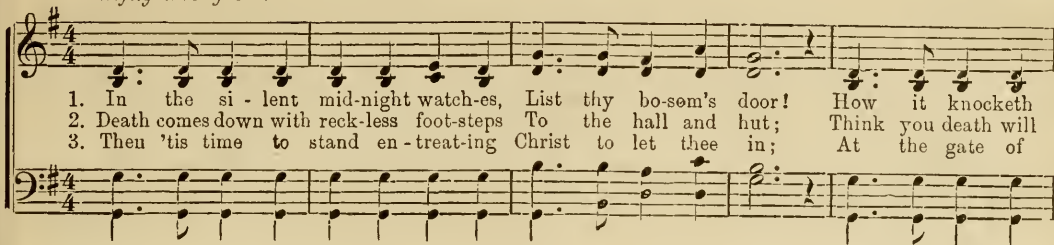
He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me.

CHRIST ENTREATING.

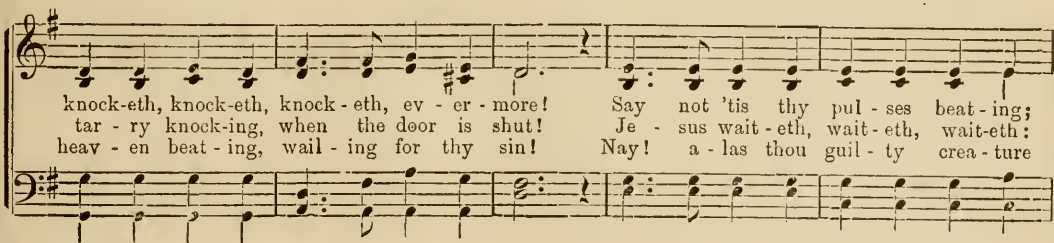
J. R. M.

41

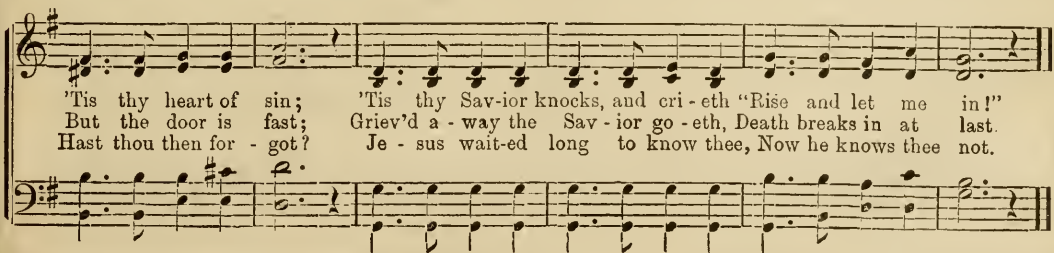
Softly throughout.



1. In the si - lent mid - night watch - es, List thy bo - som's door! How it knocketh
 2. Death comes down with reck - less foot - steps To the hall and hut; Think you death will
 3. Then 'tis time to stand en - treat - ing Christ to let thee in; At the gate of



knock - eth, knock - eth, knock - eth, ev - er - more! Say not 'tis thy pul - ses beat - ing;
 tar - ry knock - ing, when the door is shut! Je - sus wait - eth, wait - eth, wait - eth:
 heav - en beat - ing, wail - ing for thy sin! Nay! a - las thou guil - ty crea - ture



'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Sav - ior knocks, and cri - eth "Rise and let me in!"
 But the door is fast; Griev'd a - way the Sav - ior go - eth, Death breaks in at last.
 Hast thou then for - got? Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not.

OH GLORIOUS HOPE !

Words by P. S. PENNELL.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

1. Be - yond the clouds that o'er us form, Be - yond all earth - ly bliss, Hope paints a bow so
2. Though torrents roar, and mountains frown, While Oceans roll be - tween, Though tempests pour their

bright, no storm Will ev - er reach from this; So glo - rious and di - vine - ly fair, Its
fu - ry down, To veil the gold - en sheen; With crys - tal touch each polished beam Shot

blended hues ap - pear, We know that God hath placed it there, And dwells for - ev - er near.
from thy ra - di - ant bows, Like 'twi-light stars doth brighter gleam, As night the dark - er grows.

OH GLORIOUS HOPE!—Concluded.

43

CHORUS.

The musical score is written for a four-part chorus in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Oh glorious Hope, Oh un - seen shore On which the dear one wait-ing stands And'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: 'beck - ons me for - ev er more With gen - tle, gen - tle wav - ing hands.' The piece concludes with a double bar line.

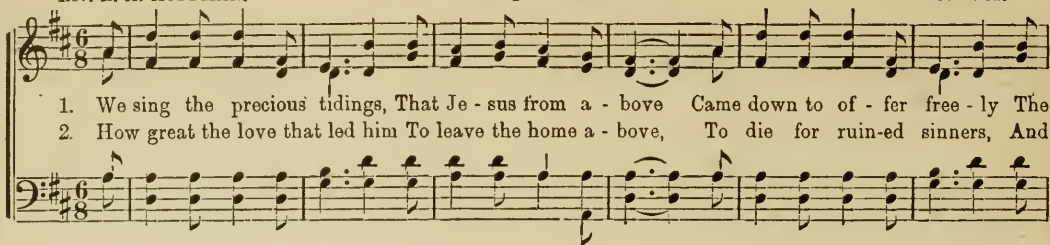
- | | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 3 Oh ! matchless Hope that buoys me up,
Through life's dark, gloomy halls,
Whose footsteps have yon river crossed,
Where mortal never falls;
Of golden sands the unseen shore,
On which ye waiting stand,
And beckon me forever more,
With gentle waving hand. | 4 Our vision may not pierce the gloom,
That darkens o'er the tide,
And hides from view the roses bloom,
Upon the shining side;
But there's a bliss we often catch,
In fragrance from the gale,
Which seems its sweetness to have caught
From flowers beyond the veil. | 5 We mourn not for the long by gones,
That died in mortal strife,
But rather rend these dusty bands,
Which chain the crystal life;
While hope beams brighter on the strand,
And shadows lengthen fast,
As nearer to her waving hand,
Each day our anchor cast. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WE SING THE PRECIOUS STORY.

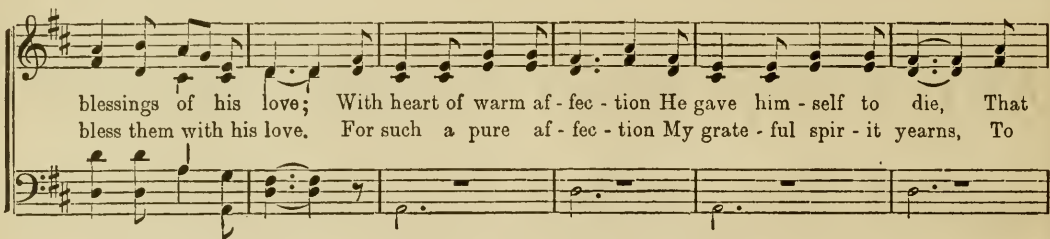
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"Who loved us and gave Himself for us."

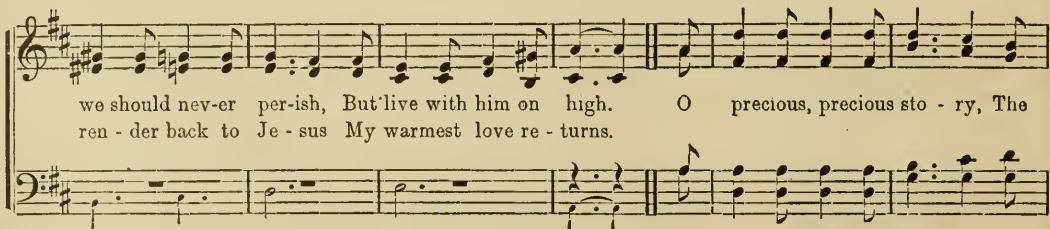
J. R. M.



1. We sing the precious tidings, That Je - sus from a - bove Came down to of - fer free - ly The
2. How great the love that led him To leave the home a - bove, To die for ruin - ed sinners, And



blessings of his love; With heart of warm af - fec - tion He gave him - self to die, That
 bless them with his love. For such a pure af - fec - tion My grate - ful spir - it yearns, To



we should nev - er per - ish, But live with him on high. O precious, precious sto - ry, The
 ren - der back to Je - sus My warmest love re - turns.

WE SING THE PRECIOUS STORY.—Concluded.

45

Lord brought down from Glo-ry, Brought to us from yon Heav-en The bless-ings of his love.

MY FATHER AND MY GOD.

WM. T. ROGERS.

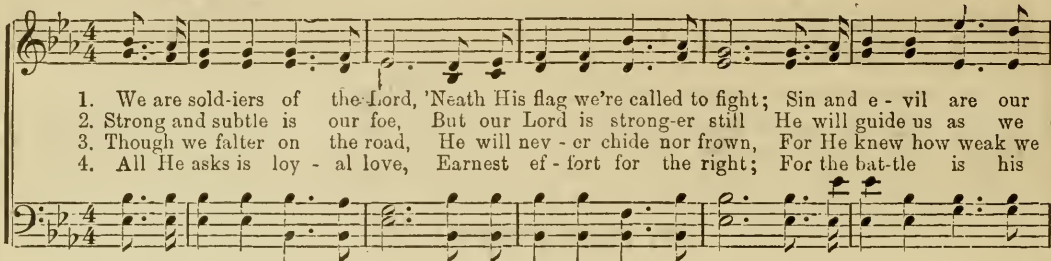
1. My Fa - ther and my God, O set this spir - it free, I'll glad - ly kiss the
 2. Sweet is the bit - ter'st sweet, That, with the bend - ed knee, Bows down this bro - ken
 3. The tears we shed for sin, When Heav'n a-lone can see Leave tru - er peace with-
 4. Then give me a - ny lot, I'll bless thy just de - cree, So thou art not for-

Rit.
 rod That drove my trembling soul to thee And made it thine e - ter - nal - ly.
 heart, For who, my Sa-vior who would be A suf - frer long, that flees to thee!
 in, Than world-ly smiles—which cannot be Lit up, my God, with smiles from thee.
 got — And I may ne'er de-pend-ant be On a - ny friend, my God, but thee!

CHRIST'S LITTLE SOLDIERS.

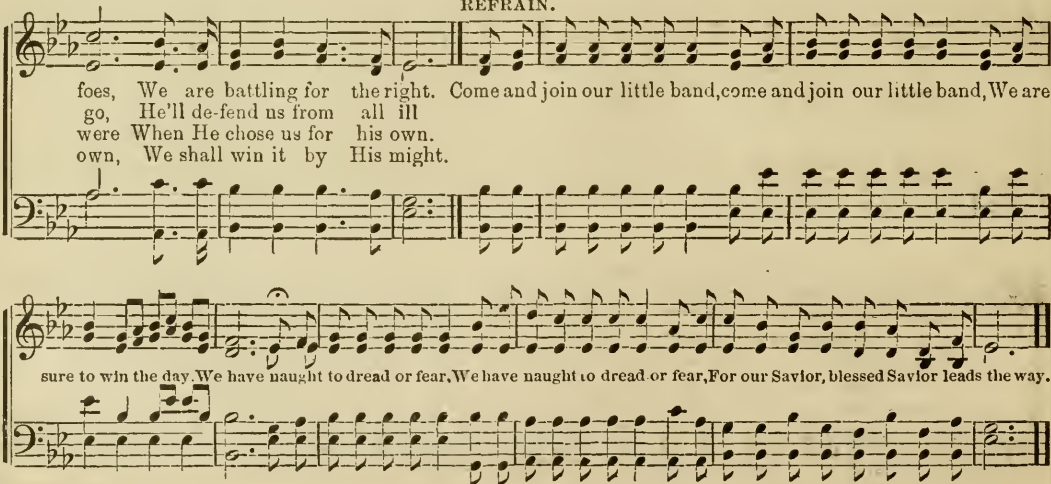
JULIA A. MATHEWS.

J. R. M.



1. We are sold-iers of the Lord, 'Neath His flag we're called to fight; Sin and e - vil are our
 2. Strong and subtle is our foe, But our Lord is strong-er still He will guide us as we
 3. Though we falter on the road, He will nev - er chide nor frown, For He knew how weak we
 4. All He asks is loy - al love, Earnest ef - fort for the right; For the bat-tle is his

REFRAIN.



foes, We are battling for the right. Come and join our little band, come and join our little band, We are
 go, He'll de-fend us from all ill
 were When He chose us for his own.
 own, We shall win it by His might.

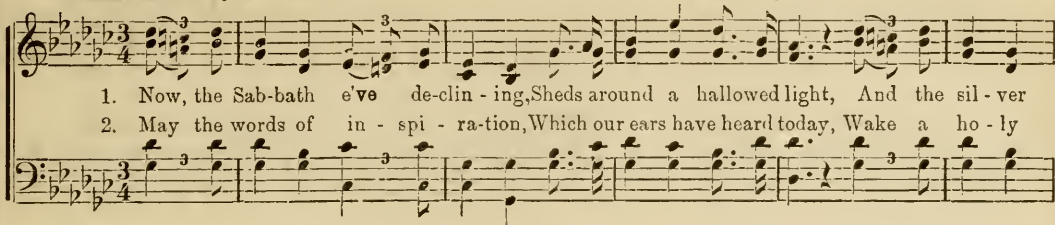
sure to win the day, We have naught to dread or fear, We have naught to dread or fear, For our Savior, blessed Savior leads the way.

HEAR OUR SONGS OF PRAISE.

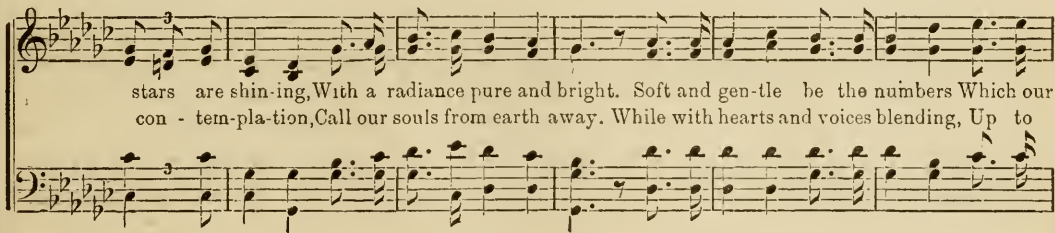
47

Words furnished by Miss M. F. K.

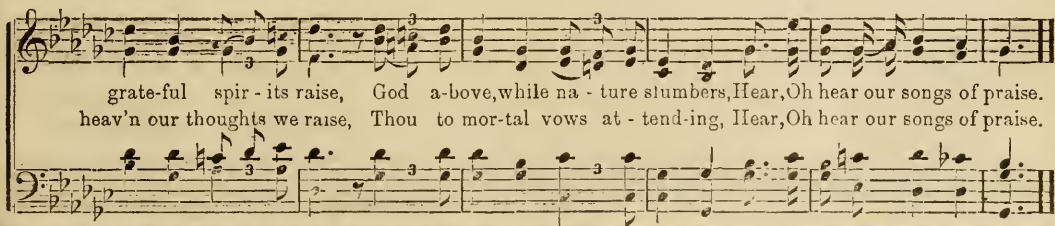
Music by FRED'K G. SPENCER.



1. Now, the Sab-bath e've de-clin - ing, Sheds around a hallowed light, And the sil-ver
2. May the words of in - spi - ra-tion, Which our ears have heard today, Wake a ho - ly



stars are shin-ing, With a radiance pure and bright. Soft and gen-tle be the numbers Which our
con - tem-pla-tion, Call our souls from earth away. While with hearts and voices blending, Up to



grate-ful spir - its raise, God a-bove, while na - ture slumbers, Hear, Oh hear our songs of praise.
heav'n our thoughts we raise, Thou to mor-tal vows at - tend-ing, Hear, Oh hear our songs of praise.

ALL IS LIGHT.

Words furnished by M. F. K.

J. R. THOMAS.

Arr. for this work.

1. What tho' storm clouds darkly gather, Hov'ring darkly o'er my way; While I see the cross of
 2. E'en tho' death's deep vale before me, Seem o'er spread with thickest gloom, While I see a heaven - ly

Cal-v'ry Beaming with ce - les - tial ray, What tho' all my fu - ture path-way, Be from
 radiance Bursting from be-yond the tomb, What tho' storm clouds darkly gather, Hov'ring

mor - tal sight concealed? With the love of Je - sus glow-ing As it lies to faith revealed.
 dark - ly o'er my way? While I see the cross of Cal-v'ry Beaming with ce - les - tial ray

REFRAIN.

Musical score for the Refrain of "All is Light". The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "All is light! All is light? All is light! All is light! all is light! All is light."

All is light! All is light? All is light! All is light! all is light! All is light.

REST IN JESUS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. K. COLE.

Slowly.

Musical score for "Rest in Jesus". The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Is there rest in Je - sus? Rest for me? Can He from my heart pain Set me free? 2. Will He wash my spir - it From its stain? Will He make His home there, There remain? 3. Will He cease my sigh - ing For re - lief? Will He stay my cry - ing And my grief?"

1. Is there rest in Je - sus? Rest for me? Can He from my heart pain Set me free?
2. Will He wash my spir - it From its stain? Will He make His home there, There remain?
3. Will He cease my sigh - ing For re - lief? Will He stay my cry - ing And my grief?

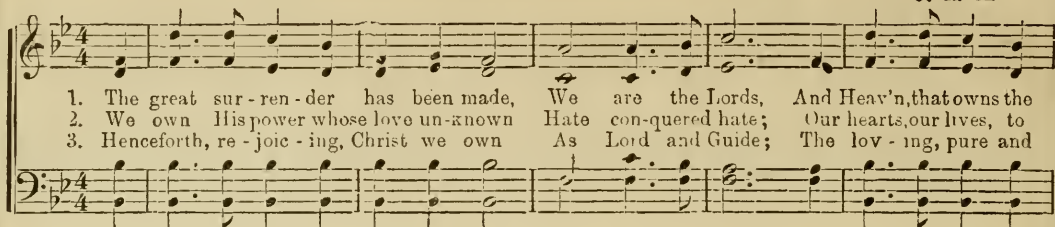
REFRAIN.

Musical score for the Refrain of "Rest in Jesus". The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Yes, there's rest in Je - sus, Sweet, sweet rest; He will heal the sor - row In thy breast."

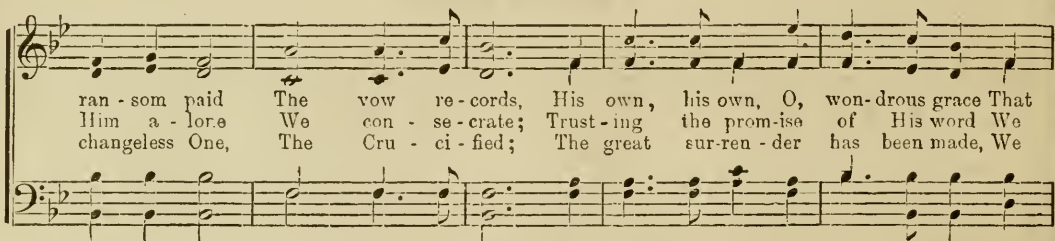
Yes, there's rest in Je - sus, Sweet, sweet rest; He will heal the sor - row In thy breast.

THE GREAT SURRENDER HAS BEEN MADE.

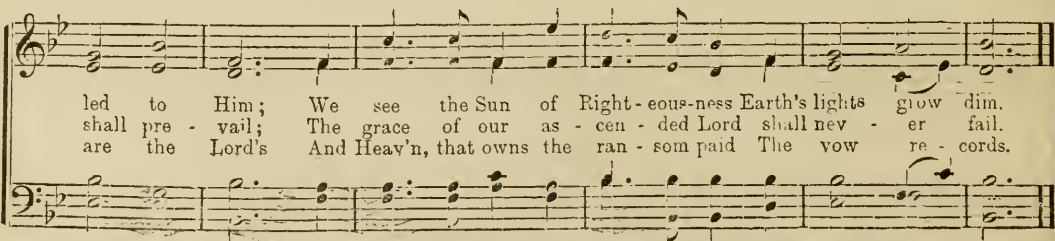
J. R. M.



1. The great sur-ren-der has been made, We are the Lords, And Heav'n, that owns the
 2. We own His power whose love un-known Hate conquered hate; Our hearts, our lives, to
 3. Henceforth, re-joic-ing, Christ we own As Lord and Guide; The lov-ing, pure and



ran-som paid The vow re-cords, His own, his own, O, won-drous grace That
 Him a-love We con-se-crate; Trust-ing the prom-ise of His word We
 changeless One, The Cru-ci-fied; The great sur-ren-der has been made, We



led to Him; We see the Sun of Right-eous-ness Earth's lights glow dim.
 shall pre-vail; The grace of our as-cen-ded Lord shall nev-er fail.
 are the Lord's And Heav'n, that owns the ran-som paid The vow re-cords.

I AM WAITING FOR THE DAWNING.

Words by S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

W. F. HEATH.

51

1. I am wait-ing for the dawn-ing Of the bright and blessed day When the darksome night of
2. I am look-ing at the brightness, (See, it shin-eth from a - far,) Of the clear and joy - ous
3. I am wait-ing for the com - ing, Of the Lord who died for me: Oh, his words have thrill'd my

sor - row Shall have vanished far a - way When for - ev - er with the Sav - ior, Far be -
beam - ing, Of the "Bright and Morn-ing Star," Through the dark gray mist of morn - ing Do I
spir - it, "I will come a - gain for thee," I can al - most hear his foot - fall, On the

yond this vale of tears, I shall swell the song of wor - ship, Through the ev - er - last - ing years.
see its glo - rious light; Then a - way with ev - ery shad - ow Of this sad and wea - ry night.
thres - hold of the door, And my heart, my heart is long - ing To be his for - ev - er - more.

TRUSTING THEE.

MARY E. C. WYETH.

"In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

J. R. M.

1. I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee; Though the night is cold and dark, And the rag - ing, storm-y
 2. Long the jour-ney, rough the main, Still the har - bor far a - way— And I toil in numbing
 3. Though Thy pur-pos-es seem dark, Thou art faith - ful to per-form. And Thou bid'st me to em -
 4. So, o-bey - ing Thy com-mand, I am trust-ing Lord, in Thee. I am wea - ry, far from

REFRAIN.

sea Threatens to en - gulf my barque. I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee, I am
 pain, Through the bil - lows' i - cy spray.
 bark, And cross ov - er in the storm.
 land, But sal - va - tion I shall see.

trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Trust-ing Thee, Trust-ing Thee, I am trust - ing all to Thee.

THY WILL, NOT MINE.

P. P. BLISS.

53

Andante.

1. Just as Thou wilt— no more I pray, That Thou would'st take this
 2. Just as Thou wilt— I can - not see The path Thy love marks

cross a - way; I on - ly ask for grace to say, Thy will, not mine, be done.
 out for me; Re-signed, I leave the choice to Thee—Thy will, not mine, be done.

3. Just as Thou wilt—full well I know
 Thy hand in mercy deals the blow;
 Then, though my cherished hopes lie low,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.
4. Just as Thou wilt—though called to part
 With dearest friends, until my heart
 Quivers beneath Thy piercing dart—
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

5. Just as Thou wilt—O Lamb divine,
 What grief can be compared to Thine!
 Then let thy prayer henceforth be mine,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.
6. Just as Thou wilt—till life be past;
 Then, safe beyond earth's stormy blast,
 My soul shall sing with joy at last,
 Thy will *and* mine be done.

BRING THE CHILDREN HOME.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

Words arranged from a poem by MARY B. SLEIGHT.

J. R. M.

1. Bring the child-ren home, bring the child-ren home, To Je - sus bring them home; While their
 2. Bring the child-ren home, bring the child-ren home, To Je - sus bring them home; Should they

wond'ring eyes, greet the morn - ing skies, Bring the lit - tle child - ren home, With a
 go a - stray in - to sins dark way, Bring the lit - tle child - ren home, To the

Bring them home, bring them home.
 lov-ing hand thro' the sun-lit land, bring them home, bring them home, bring the children home, When the
 pastures green, silv'ry streams between, bring them home, bring them home, bring the children home, When the

BRING THE CHILDREN HOME.—Concluded,

55

young hearts bear bit - ter grief and care, Bring the prec - ious child - ren home,
twi - light falls and the Mas - ter calls, Bring the prec - ious child - ren home.

Bring them home, bring them home, 'Tis the Mas-ter bids them come, Bring them

REFRAIN.

Bring the child-ren home, bring the child-ren home, 'Tis the Mas-ter bids them come, Bring the

Bring them home,

home, bring them home, To Je - sus bring them home.

child - ren home, bring them home, To Je - sus bring them home.

I WILL COME TO YOU.

1. { O pre-cious promise, promise sweet, O prom - ise ev - er true, } O sorrowing ones there's
 "I will not leave you com-fort-less, I'll come a-gain to you;" }
 2. { O pre-cious promise, promise sweet, O prom - ise ev - er dear, } The lov - ing Sa-vior
 That brings us while on earth we roam The Lord and Sa-vior near; }
 3. { O com-fort precious, comfort sweet, When Jesus comes to cheer, } "I will not leave you
 To fill the soul with love di-vine, To scat - ter ev - ery fear; }

so - lace nigh, To sor-row bid a - dieu, I will not leave you com - fort-less, The
 comes to bless Each heart that gives him room The trust-ing soul may feel the hand That
 com-fort - less, I'll come a - gain to you," Oh prom-ise pre-cious prom-ise sweet, We

CHORUS.

Sa - vior says to you. "I will not leave you com-fort-less, I'll come a - gain to
 guides it through the gloom.
 know and feel it true.

I WILL COME TO YOU.—Concluded.

57

you I came the will - ing heart to bless, I'll glad - ly come to you.'

YONDER !

Dr. BONAR.

J. R. M.

1. No shadows yonder! All light and song; Each day a won-der and say, how long
2. No weeping yonder! All fled a - way! While here I wan-der, Each wea - ry day,
3. No parting yonder! Time and space ne'er Shall a - gain sun-der Hearts blended there;

Shall time me sun - der From that bright throng, Shall time me sun-der From that bright throng.
Sigh-ing, I pon-der My long, long stay, Sigh-ing, I pon-der My long, long stay.
Dear - er and fon-der Hands clasp for aye, Dear - er and fon-der Hands clasp for aye.

IN THE PLEASANT LAND OF HEAVEN.

ROBERT V. MURRAY.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. In the pleasant land of Heaven, From all earth's sad doubts and fears, Where there never comes a sorrow,
 2. In the pleasant land of Heaven, All our thought shall be in love; Ev'ry good af-fec-tion guide us,
 3. In the pleasant land of Heaven, Oh, what raptures wait us there; By the life stream ev-er flowing,

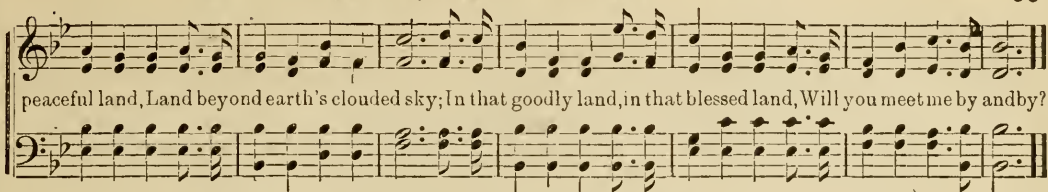
Thro' the glad eternal years; Where the dear ones, bright and blessed, Walk the quiet waters nigh, In the
 In our happy home above; All our way shall end in brightness, *There is no o'er-clouded sky;* In the
 Thro' the city wond'rous fair; Sweet the happy an-gel voi-ces, Glad, the strain they raise on high, In the

REFRAIN.

pleas-ant land of Heav-en, Will you meet me by and by? O the pleas-ant land; O the
 pleas-ant land of Heav-en, Will you meet me by and by?
 pleas-ant land of Heav-en, Will you meet me by and by?

IN THE PLEASANT LAND OF HEAVEN.—Concluded.

59



AFTER THE STORM A CALM.

"In faith, nothing doubting."

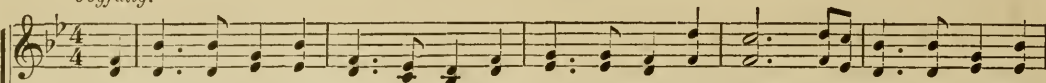
BELLE.

1. Af - ter the storm a calm, Af - ter the bruise a balm, For the
 2. Bloom is the heir of blight, Dawn is the child of night, And the
 3. Truth seem-eth oft to sleep, Blessings so low to reap, Till the
 4. Nev - er - the - less, I know Out of the dark must grow Surely

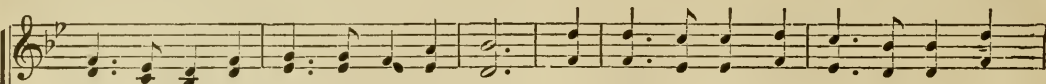
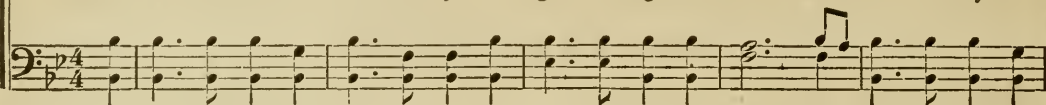
ill brings good, in the Lords' own time And the sigh be - comes the psalm.
 sooth - ing change of the bus - y world, Bids the wrong yield back the right.
 hours of wait - ing are hard to bear, And the hope is hard to keep!
 sooner or la - ter what're is fair, Since the heav'ns have will'd it so.

OUR SOULS ARE IN HIS MIGHTY HAND.

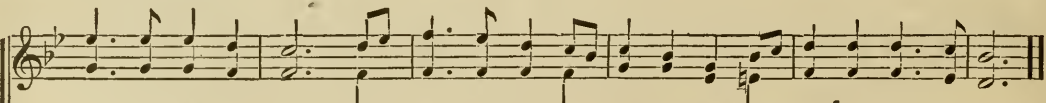
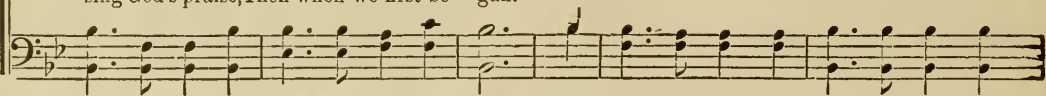
BELLE.

Joyfully.

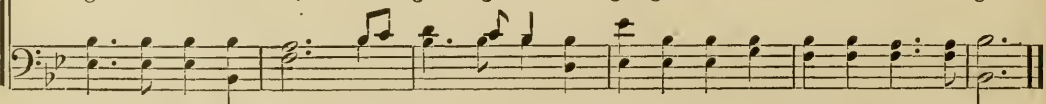
1. Our souls are in His might-y hand, We're pre-cious in His sight; And you and I shall
2. Him eye to eye we then shall see, Our face like His shall shine; Oh, what a glorious
3. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to



sure - ly stand, With Him in glo - ry bright, We're go - ing home; we're go - ing home; Its
com - pa - ny, When saints and an - gels join.
sing God's praise, Then when we first be - gun.



glo - ries hast - en on, We're go - ing home; we're going home; Where Christ our Lord has gone.



AROUND THE THRONE.

61

Joyfully.

CHARLES L. WALKER.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of children stand, *Chil - dren* whose sins are
 2. What brought them to that world a - bove - That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is peace and

CHORUS.

all for-giv - en, Ho - ly hap - py band, Sing - ing Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry,
 joy and love? How came those chil-dren there?

Duet.

Be un - to the lamb for ev - er, Praise Him, Praise Him Praise ye the Lamb.

3 Because the Savior shed His blood
 To wash away their sin:
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean,
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

4 On earth they sought the Savior's grace,
 On earth they loved His name;
 So now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

Hopefully.

1. Thro' the mists of shad-ows drea - ry, O'er the dark and storm-y sea, Came a voice of heav'n-ly mu - sic, Float-ing
 2. Of - ten when life's shadows gath - er Round my wea - ry troubled soul, Comes that voice of an - gel mu-sic, Whisp'ring
 3. Soon I'll hear those gol-den por - tals, Soon I'll cross life's troubled sea, Whence that voice of mu-sic float-ing, Came and

thro' the gloom to me; 'Twas a voice of wondrous sweetness, Bringing words of hope and love, Whisp'ring to my troubled
 I am near the goal. Tell-ing me in softened murmurs, Bringing words of hope and love, Say-ing to my doubting
 whis-p'ring hope to me. Then in Heav'n's own light for-ev-er, In the sun-light of God's love, Shall I find that say-ing

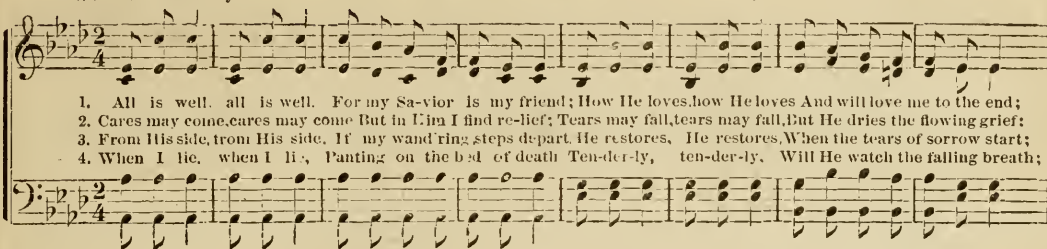
spir - it, Dark be - low, but light a - bove. Whisp'ring to my troubled spir - it, Dark be - low, but light a - bove.
 spir - it, Dark be - low, but light a - bove. Say-ing to my doubting spir - it, Dark be - low, but light a - bove.
 truth-ful, Dark be - low, but light a - bove. Shall I find that say-ing truth-ful, Dark be - low, but light a - bove,

ALL IS WELL.

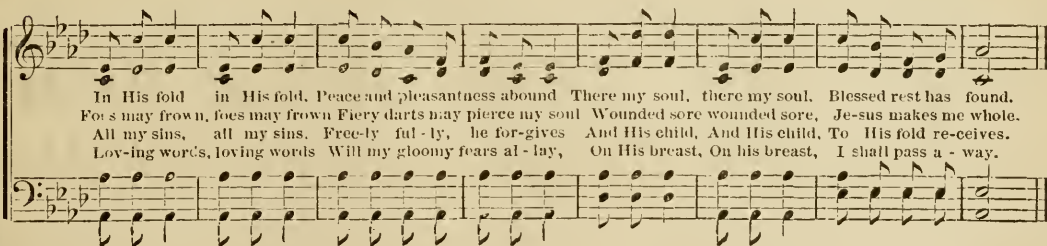
63

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY, By Per.

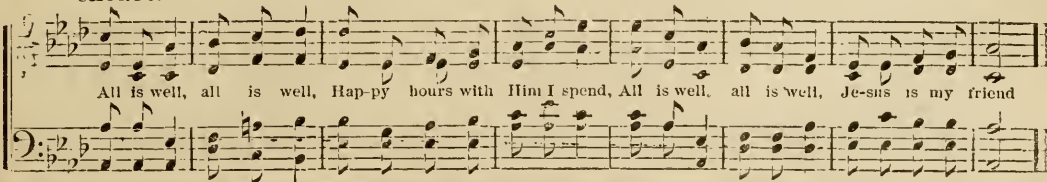


1. All is well, all is well, For my Sa-vior is my friend; How He loves, how He loves And will love me to the end;
 2. Cares may come, cares may come But in Him I find re-lief; Tears may fall, tears may fall, But He dries the flowing grief;
 3. From His side, from His side, If my wand'ring steps depart, He restores, He restores, When the tears of sorrow start;
 4. When I lie, when I lie, Panting on the bed of death Ten-der-ly, ten-der-ly, Will He watch the falling breath;



In His fold in His fold, Peace and pleasantness abound There my soul, there my soul, Blessed rest has found.
 Foes may frown, foes may frown Fiery darts may pierce my soul Wounded sore wounded sore, Je-sus makes me whole.
 All my sins, all my sins, Free-ly ful-ly, he for-gives And His child, And His child, To His fold re-ceives.
 Lov-ing words, loving words Will my gloomy fears al-lay, On His breast, On his breast, I shall pass a-way.

CHORUS.



All is well, all is well, Hap-py hours with Him I spend, All is well, all is well, Je-sus is my friend

GO FORWARD;

N. B. SARGENT.

Quartet.

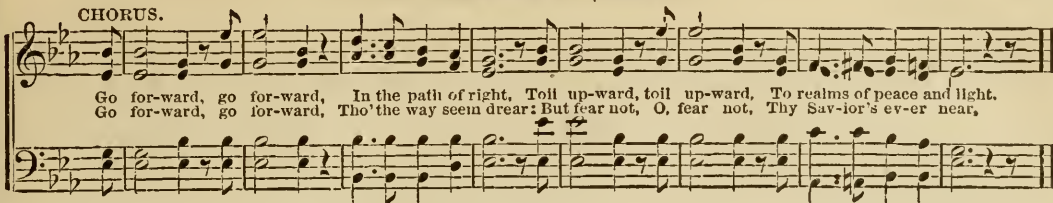
1. Go for-ward, go for-ward, In the path of right. Toil up-ward, toil up-ward, To realms of peace and light;
 2. Go for-ward, go for-ward, Tho'the way seem drear: But fear not, O, fear not, Thy Sav-ior's ev-er near,

TENOR OR SOPRANO SOLO.

O, leave the groveling world behind, With all its fleet - ing joys; And
 His faith - ful hand will guide a - right, His love is ev - er true, Tho'

break, the fet-ters now that bind Thy heart to earth - ly toys.
 wild the storm, and dark the night He'll lead thee safe - ly through.

CHORUS.

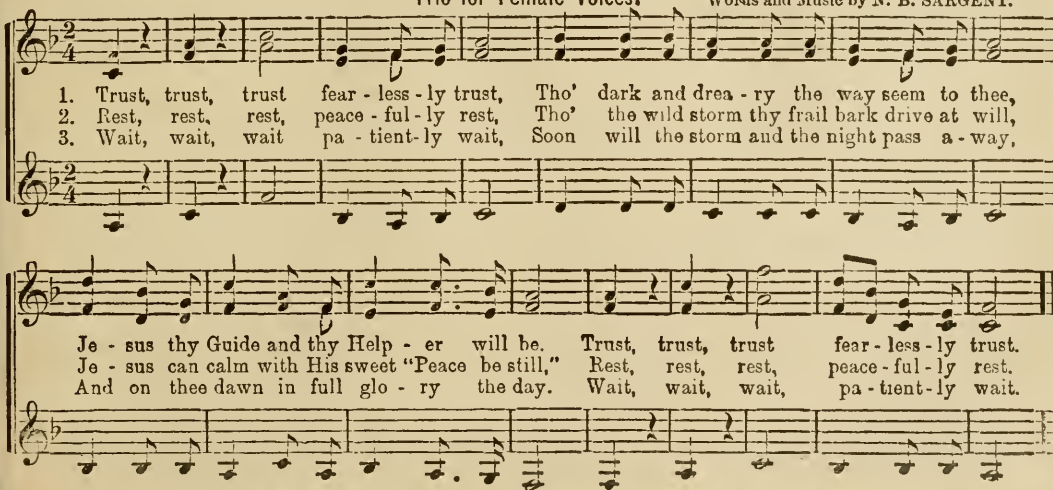


Go for-ward, go for-ward, In the path of right, Toil up-ward, toil up-ward, To realms of peace and light.
Go for-ward, go for-ward, Tho'the way seem drear; But fear not, O, fear not, Thy Sav-ior's ev-er near,

TRUST, REST, WAIT.

Trio for Female Voices.

Words and Music by N. B. SARGENT.



1. Trust, trust, trust fear - less - ly trust, Tho' dark and drea - ry the way seem to thee,
2. Rest, rest, rest, peace - ful - ly rest, Tho' the wild storm thy frail bark drive at will,
3. Wait, wait, wait pa - tient - ly wait, Soon will the storm and the night pass a - way,

Je - sus thy Guide and thy Help - er will be. Trust, trust, trust fear - less - ly trust.
Je - sus can calm with His sweet "Peace be still," Rest, rest, rest, peace - ful - ly rest.
And on thee dawn in full glo - ry the day. Wait, wait, wait, pa - tient - ly wait.

LORD, TARRY NOT, BUT COME.

Dr. BONAR.

J. R. MURRAY.

I shall be soon

1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, I shall be, shall be soon; Be-yond the wakin-g
2. Be-yond the bloom-ing and the fa-ding, I shall be, shall be soon; Be-yond the shin-ing

and the sleep-ing, Be-yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing I shall be soon, I shall be soon,
and the shad-ing, Be-yond the hop-ing and the dread-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon,

REFRAIN.

Love, rest and home, sweet home, sweet home; Lord, tar-ry not, tar-ry not, but come.

3. Be-yond the ris-ing and the set-ting
I shall be soon;
Be-yond the calm-ing and the fret-ting,
Be-yond remem-ber-ing and for-get-ting,
I shall be soon.

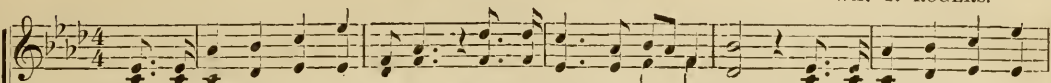
4. Be-yond the part-ing and the meet-ing,
I shall be soon;
Be-yond the fare-well and the greet-ing
Be-yond the pul-ses fever beat-ing,
I shall be soon.

5. Be-yond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Be-yond the rock waste and the river,
Be-yond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

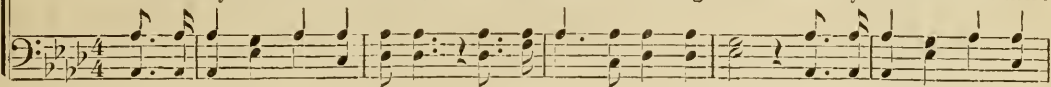
THE CRYSTAL TIDE.

WM. T. ROGERS.

67



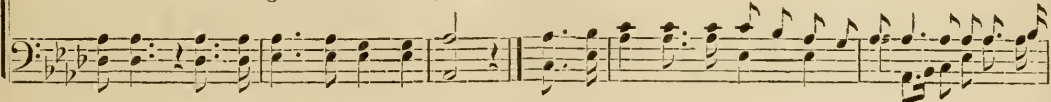
1. O'er the crys-tal tide we're going, Where we'll lay life's burden down, Where the tree of life is
2. Where the crystal tide is flowing, Wait our loved ones gone before, There 'mid fields im-mor-tal
- 3 O'er the crys-tal tide for - ev - er, Bloom the nev - er fad - ing flow'rs Earthly shadows come there



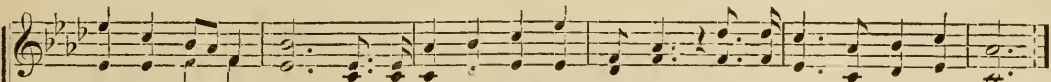
CHORUS.



growing, Where awaits a robe and crown. Then we'll sing at the crystal tide for-ev-er, Where we'll
growing; Singing prais-es ev - er - more.
nev-er, Je-sus lights those heav'nly bow'rs.



Then we'll sing at the cry - stal tide forever, Where we'll



lay life's burden down; Then we'll meet the blessed Sav-ior, And receive the heav'nly crown.

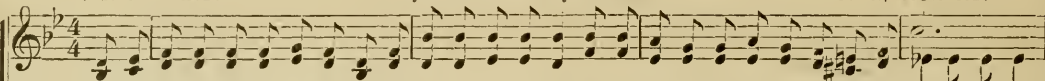


SEEK THE SAVIOR.

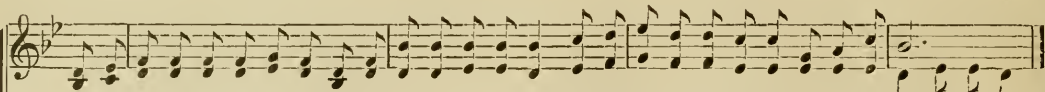
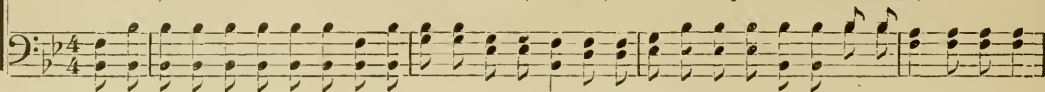
R. S. LINDSAY.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

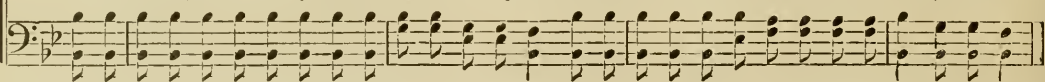
J. R. MURRAY.



1. Seek the Savior in thy childhood, For His precious word, and kind Hath declared that those who early Seek shall find, Seek shall find
 2. Seek the Savior, He'll enfold thee In His arms from care and fear, Seek Him, no time like the present. While He's near, While He's near

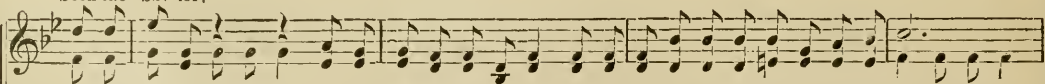


Seek the Savior, While He's waiting; Thy good shepherd he will be. O remember He has giv'n His Life for thee, life for thee.
 Seek the Savior, for His mer-cy Is for all, both rich and poor, Seek Him now, and He will leave thee Nevermore, nevermore.

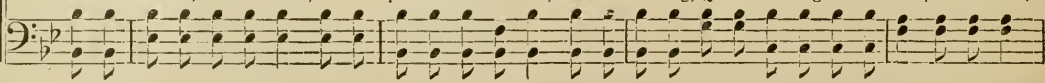


REFRAIN.

Seek the Sav-lor,



Seek the Sav-lor, seek him now, Seek the precious Savior now, He is will-ing, He is waiting at the door, at the door,

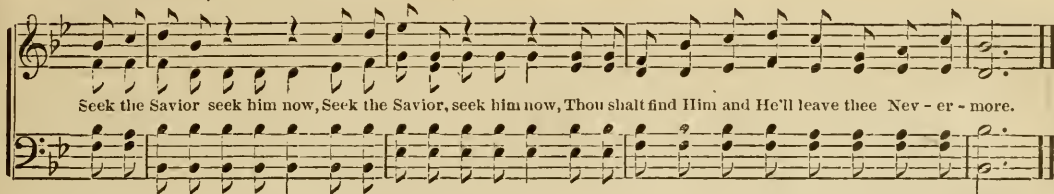


- SEEK THE SAVIOR.—Concluded.

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Seek the Sav-ior,

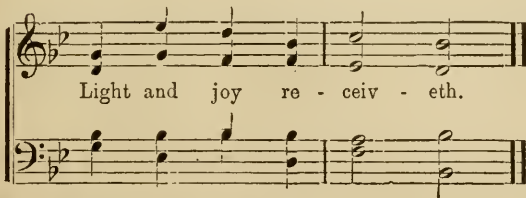
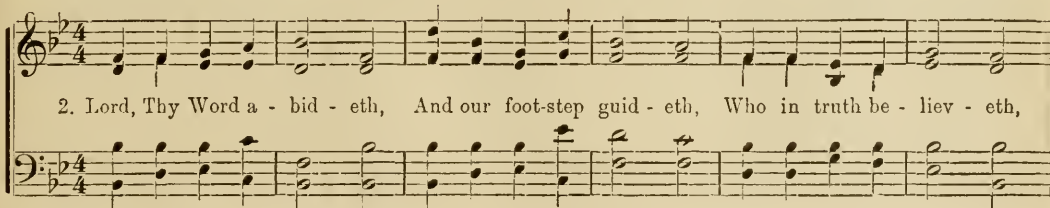
Seek the Sav-ior,



LORD THY WORD ABIDETH.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

REV. R. R. CHOPE,

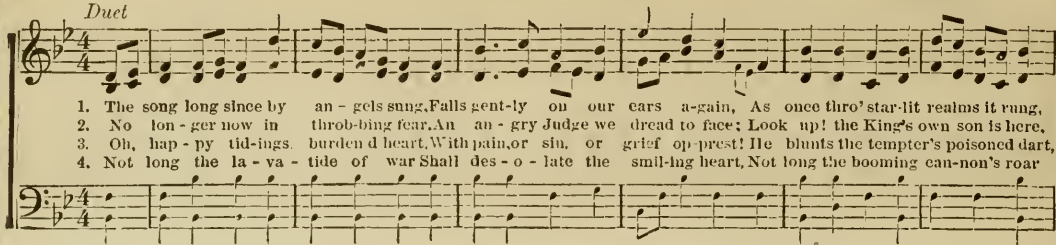


2. When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
3. Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple hearted.

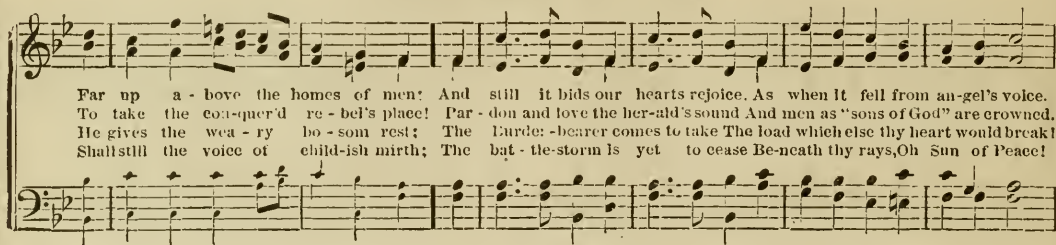
RING OUT GLAD BELLS FOR CHRIST IS BORN.

W. S. CAULDWELL.

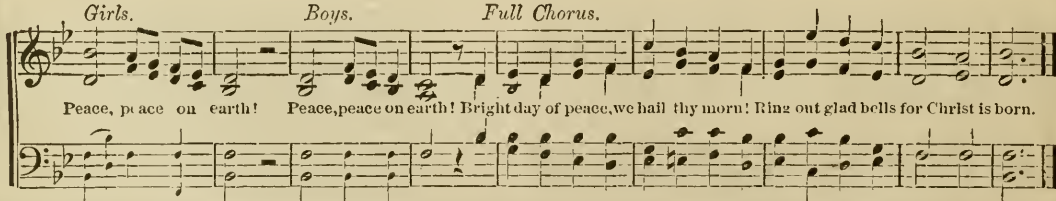
CHESTER G. ALLEN. By Per.

Duet


1. The song long since by an - gels sung, Falls gent-ly on our ears a-gain, As once thro' star-lit realms it rung,
 2. No lon - ger now in throb-bing fear, An an - gry Judge we dread to face; Look up! the King's own son is here,
 3. Oh, hap - py tid-ings, burden'd heart, With pain, or sin, or grief op-press! He blunts the tempter's poisoned dart,
 4. Not long the la - va - tide of war Shall des - o - late the smil-ing heart, Not long the booming can-non's roar



Far up a - bove the homes of men! And still it bids our hearts rejoice, As when it fell from an-gel's voice,
 To take the con-quer'd re - bel's place! Par - don and love the her-ald's sound And men as "sons of God" are crown'd,
 He gives the wea - ry ho - som rest; The Larde - bearer comes to take The load which else thy heart would break!
 Shalt still the voice of child-ish mirth; The bat - le-storm is yet to cease Be-neath thy rays, Oh Sun of Peace!

*Girls.**Boys.**Full Chorus.*


Peace, peace on earth! Peace, peace on earth! Bright day of peace, we hail thy morn! Ring out glad bells for Christ is born.

GO FORTH, BRAVE HEART.

J. R. M.

71

Earnestly.

1 Go forth, brave heart, with pur- pose high, The world has need of la - bor, Go wipe the tear from
2 Go forth, brave heart, be strong and bold, And no - bly do thy du - ty, So shall thine eyes at

Go forth, go forth,

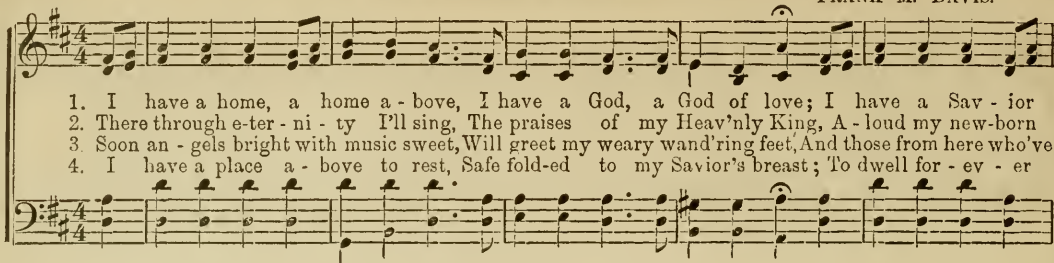
sor-row's eye, And help and bless thy neigh - bor, Go forth, brave heart, go forth, brave heart, Go
last be-hold, The King in all His beau - ty, Go forth, brave heart, go forth, brave heart, Go

Go wipe the tear from sor-row's eye,
So shall thine eyes at last be-hold,

forth the world has need of la - bor, Go wipe the tear from sor - row's eye, And help and bless thy neighbor
forth and no-bly do thy du - ty, So shall thine eyes at last be - hold The King in all His beau-ty

A HOME OF PEACE AND LOVE.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



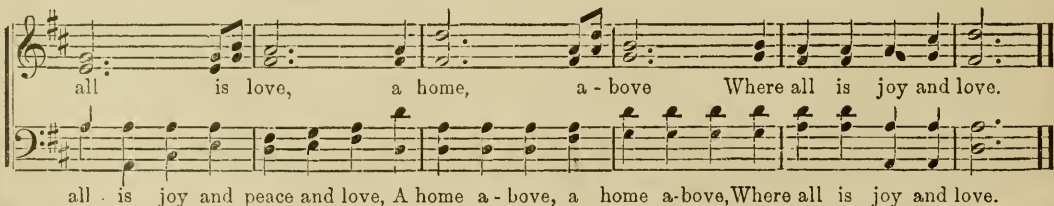
1. I have a home, a home a - bove, I have a God, a God of love; I have a Sav - ior
 2. There through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing, The praises of my Heav'nly King, A - loud my new-born
 3. Soon an - gels bright with music sweet, Will greet my weary wand'ring feet, And those from here who've
 4. I have a place a - bove to rest, Safe fold-ed to my Savior's breast; To dwell for - ev - er

CHORUS.



in the sky, Who bids me come to him on high. A home a - bove. Where
 voice I'll raise To shout my dear Re-deem-ers praise.
 gone be - fore I'll meet up - on that an-gel shore.
 in his love, Safe in my home, my home a - bove.

A home a-bove, a home a - bove, Where



all is love, a home, a - bove Where all is joy and love.

all is joy and peace and love, A home a - bove, a home a-bove, Where all is joy and love.

1. Live for something, be not i - dle, Look a - bout thee for em - ploy; Sit not down to useless
 2. Scat - ter blessings in thy pathway, Gen - tle words and cheering smiles, Bet - ter are than gold and
 3. Hearts that are oppressed and wea - ry Drop the tear of sym - pa - thy, Whisper words of hope and

dreaming, La - bor and the sweets en - joy. Fold - ed hands are ev - er wea - ry,
 sil - ver, With their grief dis - pell - ing wiles. As the pleas - ant sun - shine fall - eth
 com - fort, Give, and thy re - ward shall be Joy un - to thy soul re - turn - ing

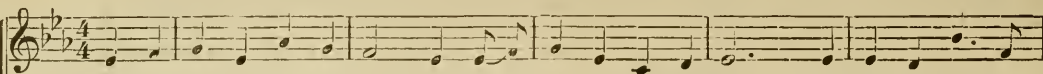
Selfish hearts are never gay; Life for thee hath ma - ny du - ties, Active be then while you may.
 Ev - er on the grateful earth, So let sym - pa - thy and kindness Gladden well the darkened heart.
 From this perfect fountain head, Free - ly as thou free - ly giv - eth Shall the grateful light be shed.

WAITING ON THE SHORE.

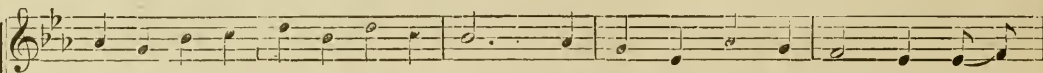
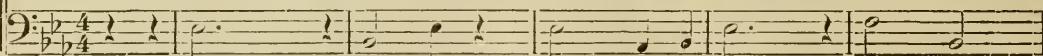
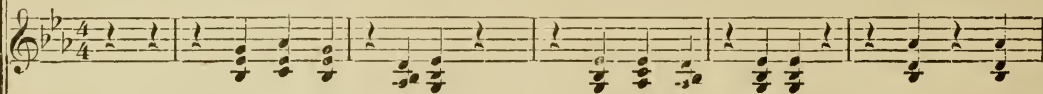
Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

"Having a desire to depart."

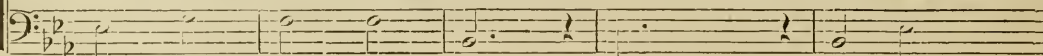
These words were furnished the Editor of "HEAVENWARD," by P. P. BLISS, a short time before his death.



1. O the day of life is clos - ing and its sun is sink-ing low The night of death is
 2. Oh, I've had my share of trials but for good they all we're meant, I've had my share of
 3. Oh, the foot-steps of the an - gels I al-most seem to hear, I know that they are



- com-ing and its ver - y near I know; My pil - grim - age is end - ing that has
 blessings and in kind-ness they were sent; But soon I'll leave earth's fur - nace and
 rea - dy and I know that they are near; And though death's chilling riv - er rolls so



WAITING ON THE SHORE. Concluded,

75

rit e dim.

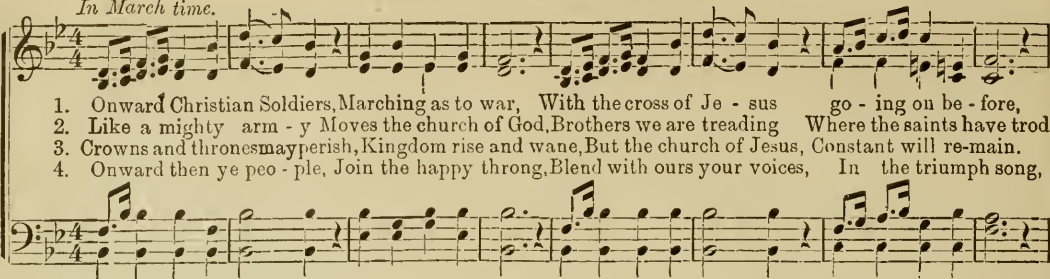
been so long and sore, And now I see the Riv-er and the bet-ter land be-fore.
its trials will be o'er, And soon I'll share the blessings of the bet-ter land be-fore.
dark-ly on be-fore, When Je-sus gives the sig-nal they will bear me safe-ly o'er.

REFRAIN.

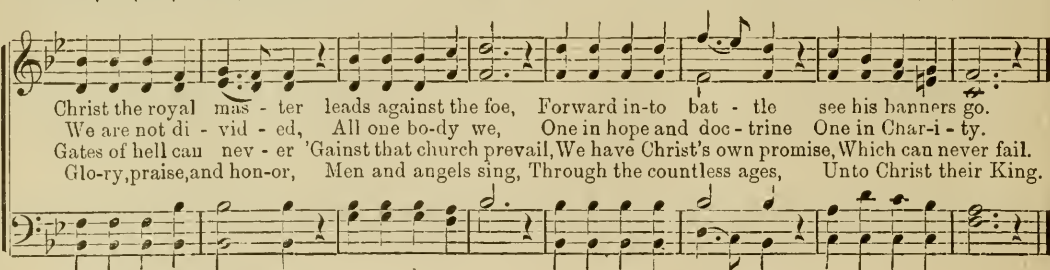
And I'm wait-ing, and I'm long-ing, I am wait-ing,
I am wait-ing, and I'm long-ing, I am wait-ing on the shore.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER!

J. R. M.,

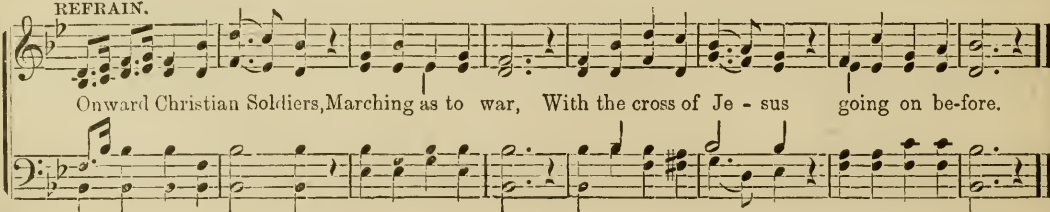
In March time.


1. Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore,
2. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the church of God, Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdom rise and wane, But the church of Jesus, Constant will re - main.
4. Onward then ye peo - ple, Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices, In the triumph song,



Christ the royal mas - ter leads against the foe, Forward in - to bat - tle see his banners go.
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we, One in hope and doc - trine One in Char - i - ty.
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, Which can never fail.
 Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or, Men and angels sing, Through the countless ages, Unto Christ their King.

REFRAIN.



Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus going on be - fore.

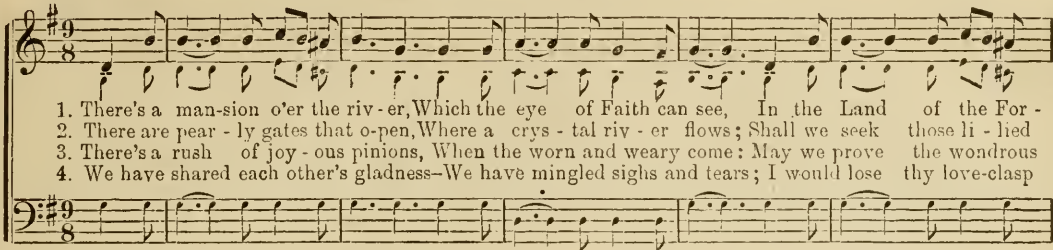
THERE'S A MANSION O'ER THE RIVER.

77

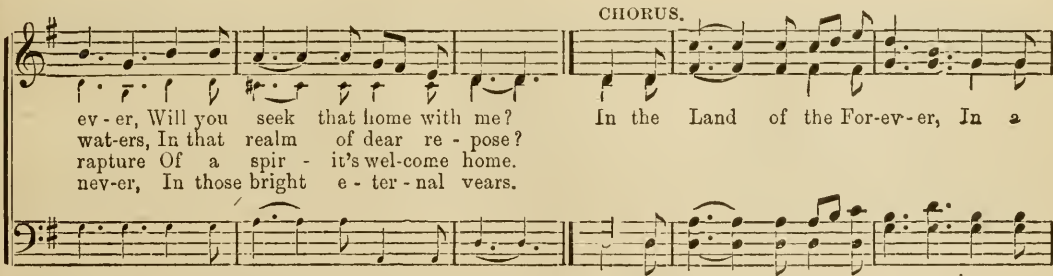
PAULINA.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

P. P. BLISS.



1. There's a man-sion o'er the riv-er, Which the eye of Faith can see, In the Land of the For-
 2. There are pear-ly gates that o-pen, Where a crys-tal riv-er flows; Shall we seek those li-lied
 3. There's a rush of joy-ous pinions, When the worn and weary come: May we prove the wondrous
 4. We have shared each other's gladness—We have mingled sighs and tears; I would lose thy love-clasp



CHORUS.
 ev-er, Will you seek that home with me? In the Land of the For-ev-er, In a
 wat-ers, In that realm of dear re-pose?
 rapture Of a spir-it's wel-come home.
 nev-er, In those bright e-ter-nal vears.



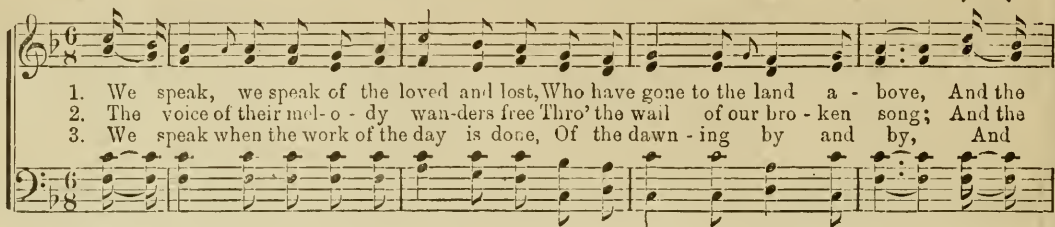
man-sion o'er the riv-er, Where the loved are part-ed nev-er, I will dwell for aye with thee.

BY THE BEAUTIFUL GATE THEY WATCH AND WAIT.

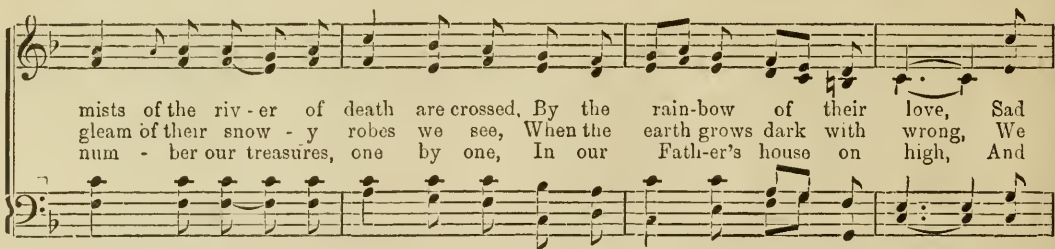
or When the dear ones gather at Home.

ANNIE HERBERT.

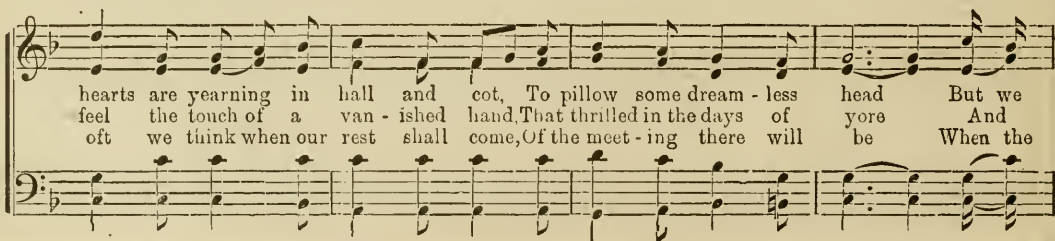
JAMES R. MURRAY. By Per.



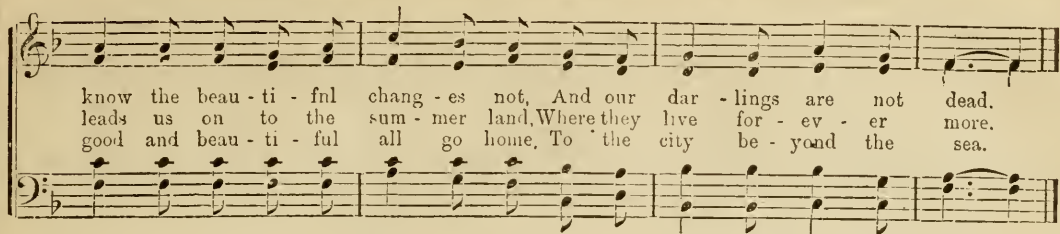
1. We speak, we speak of the loved and lost, Who have gone to the land a - bove, And the
 2. The voice of their mel-o - dy wan-ders free Thro' the wail of our bro - ken song; And the
 3. We speak when the work of the day is done, Of the dawn - ing by and by, And



mists of the riv - er of death are crossed, By the rain-bow of their love, Sad
 gleam of their snow - y robes we see, When the earth grows dark with wrong, We
 num - ber our treasures, one by one, In our Fath-er's house on high, And

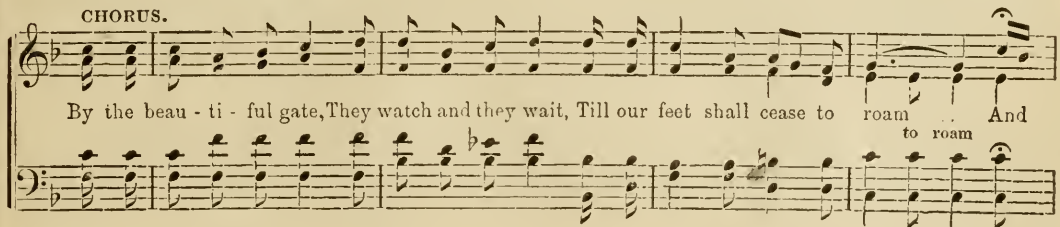


hearts are yearning in hall and cot, To pillow some dream - less head But we
 feel the touch of a van - ished hand, That thrilled in the days of yore And
 oft we think when our rest shall come, Of the meet - ing there will be When the

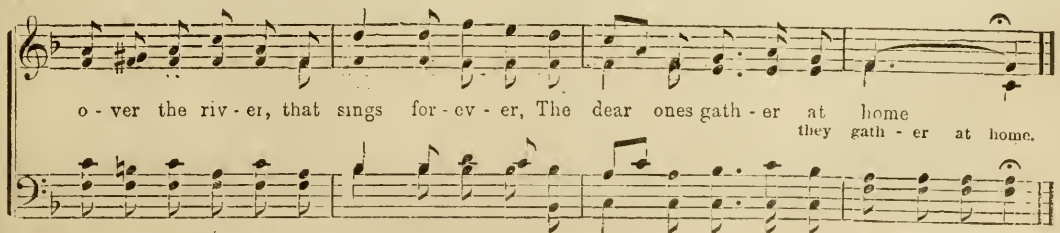


know the beau - ti - ful chang - es not, And our dar - lings are not dead.
leads us on to the sum - mer land, Where they live for - ev - er more.
good and beau - ti - ful all go home, To the city be - yond the sea.

CHORUS.



By the beau - ti - ful gate, They watch and they wait, Till our feet shall cease to roam And
to roam



o - ver the riv - er, that sings for - ev - er, The dear ones gath - er at home
they gath - er at home.

JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

Can you sing it truthfully?

Words and Music by JAMES K. MURRAY.

1. 2. 3. Je - sus, I love Thee Bet - ter than tongue can tell; There is no thing of earth I

Fine.

love so well. For thy love so full and free, For the love that
For thy mer - cies ev - er new, For thy friend - ship
For the hope of bet - ter things, For the joy thy

D.C.

first loved me, Love that lov - eth to the end, O, Sa - vior, Friend.
ev - er true, For thy pres - ence ev - er near, O, Sa - vior, dear.
gos - pel brings, For the home with thee at last, This earth - life past.

By permission White, Smith & Co.

OUT OF THE COLD AND STORM.

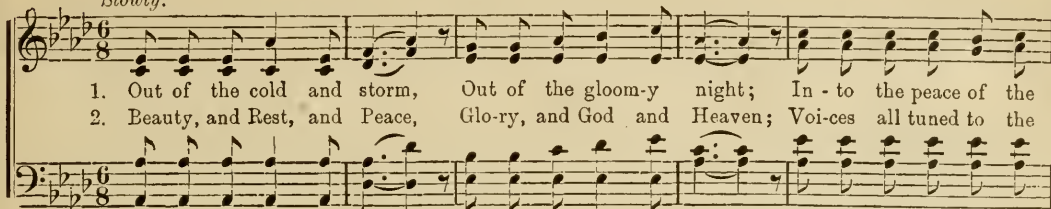
81

(In Memory of P. P. BLISS,)

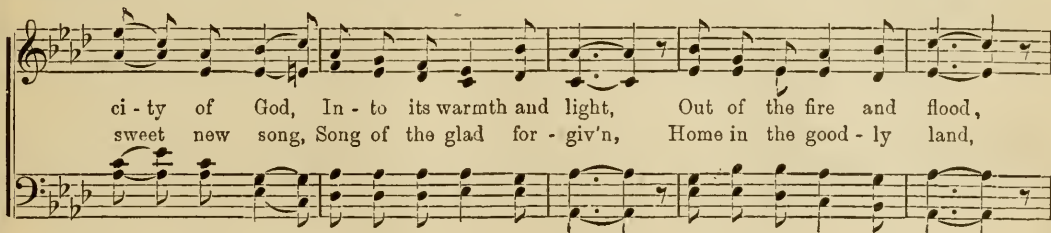
Who with his wife, perished at Ashtabula, Ohio, Dec. 29, 1876.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

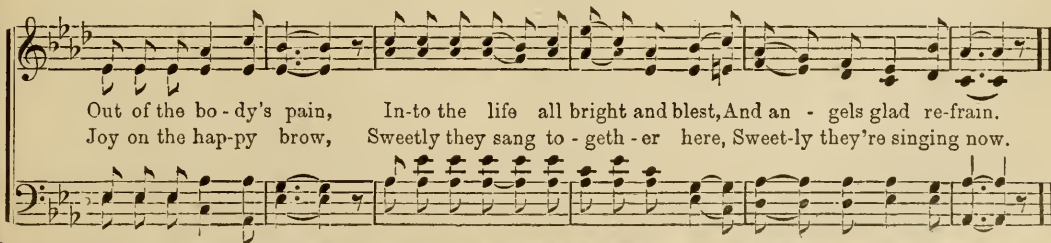
Slowly.



1. Out of the cold and storm, Out of the gloom-y night; In - to the peace of the
2. Beauty, and Rest, and Peace, Glo-ry, and God and Heaven; Voi-ces all tuned to the



ci - ty of God, In - to its warmth and light, Out of the fire and flood,
sweet new song, Song of the glad for - giv'n, Home in the good - ly land,



Out of the bo - dy's pain, In-to the life all bright and blest, And an - gels glad re-frain.
Joy on the hap-py brow, Sweetly they sang to - geth - er here, Sweet-ly they're singing now.

HE'S GONE.

P. P. BLISS.

He's gone, He's gone, Gone to the "Si - lent Land."

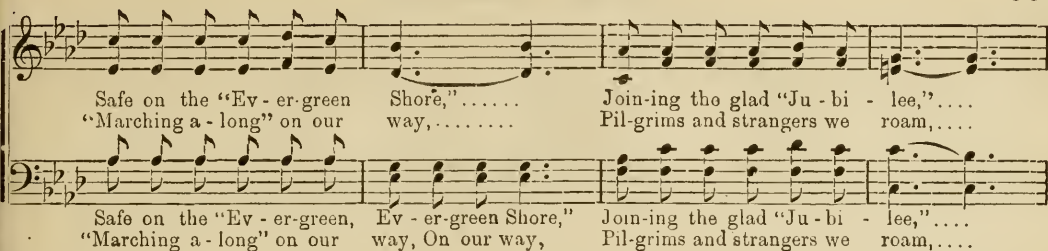
1. O - ver the "Riv - er of Death,"..... In - to the "Si - lent Land,"
2. Close by the "Great White Throne,"..... "Thousands of chil - dren stand,"

Glad are the "Heav-en-ly Choirs,"..... Sad is our "Pil - grim Band."
"Welcome, Oh, welcome" they sing,..... Home to the "Beau-ti - ful Land."

Glad are the "Heav-en-ly Heav-en - ly Choirs," Sad is our "Pil - grim Band,"
"Welcome, Oh, welcome, Oh welcome" they sing, Home to the "Beau-ti - ful Land,"

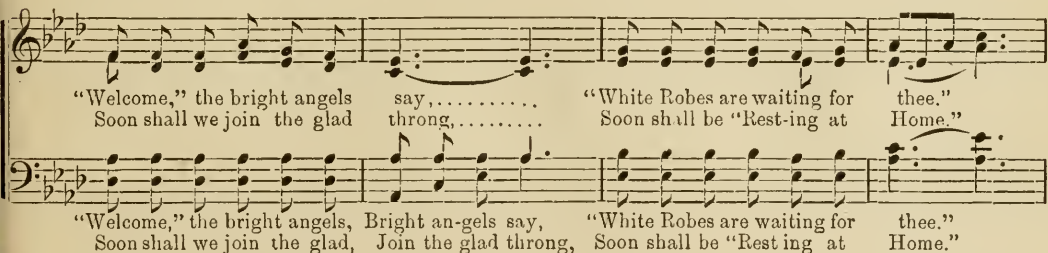
HE'S GONE.—Continued.

83



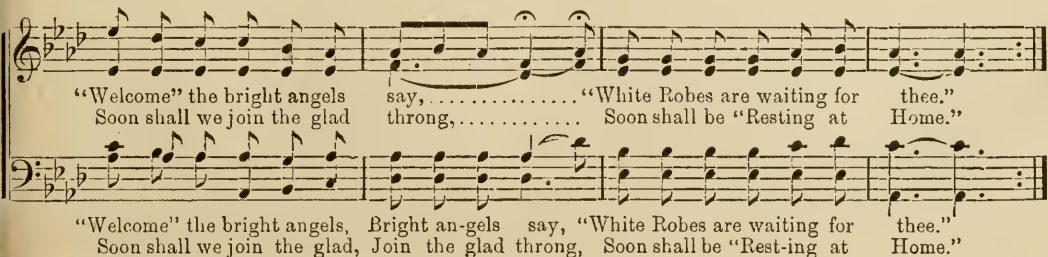
Safe on the "Ev - er-green Shore,"..... Join-ing the glad "Ju - bi - lee,"....
 "Marching a - long" on our way,..... Pil-grims and strangers we roam,....

Safe on the "Ev - er-green, Ev - er-green Shore," Join-ing the glad "Ju - bi - lee,"....
 "Marching a - long" on our way, On our way, Pil-grims and strangers we roam,....



"Welcome," the bright angels say,..... "White Robes are waiting for thee."
 Soon shall we join the glad throng,..... Soon shall be "Rest-ing at Home."

"Welcome," the bright angels, Bright an-gels say, "White Robes are waiting for thee."
 Soon shall we join the glad, Join the glad throng, Soon shall be "Rest-ing at Home."



"Welcome" the bright angels say,..... "White Robes are waiting for thee."
 Soon shall we join the glad throng,..... Soon shall be "Rest-ing at Home."

"Welcome" the bright angels, Bright an-gels say, "White Robes are waiting for thee."
 Soon shall we join the glad, Join the glad throng, Soon shall be "Rest-ing at Home."

HE'S GONE.—Concluded,

Coda.

Love, rest and home, Sweet, sweet home, O how sweet it will be

The first system of the Coda section is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Love, rest and home, Sweet, sweet home, O how sweet it will be".

there to meet The dear ones all at home, *pp* O how sweet it will be

The second system of the Coda section continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "there to meet The dear ones all at home, *pp* O how sweet it will be".

ritard.

there to meet The dear ones all at home.

The third system of the Coda section concludes the piece. It is marked *ritard.* (ritardando). The lyrics are: "there to meet The dear ones all at home."

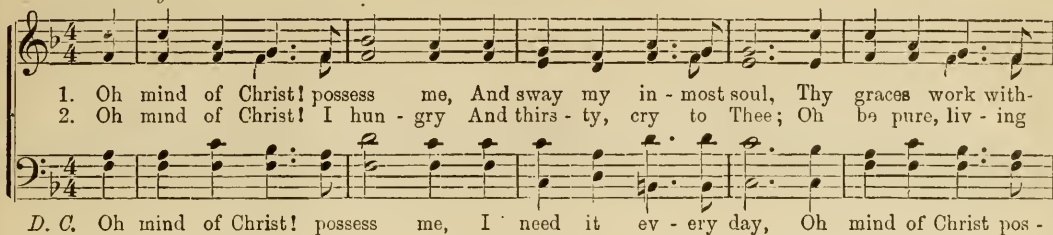
OH MIND OF CHRIST, POSSESS ME.

85

"Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus."

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Earnestly.



1. Oh mind of Christ! possess me, And sway my in - most soul, Thy graces work with -
 2. Oh mind of Christ! I hun - gry And thirs - ty, cry to Thee; Oh be pure, liv - ing

D. C. Oh mind of Christ! possess me, I need it ev - ery day, Oh mind of Christ pos -

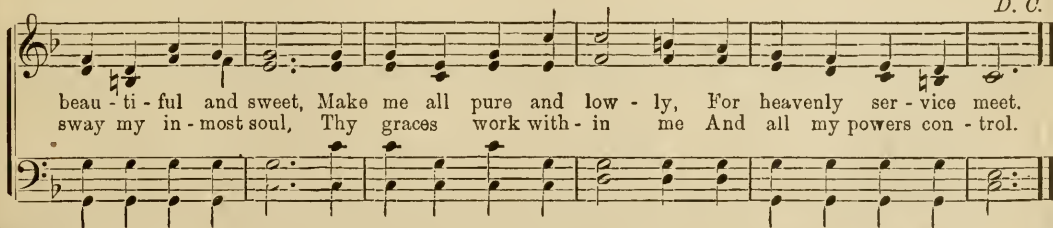
Fine.



in me, And all my powers con - trol, Oh mind of Christ! most ho - ly, Most
 wa - ter And life and strength to me, Oh mind of Christ! pos - sess me, And

sess me, And with me ev - er stay.

D. C.



beau - ti - ful and sweet, Make me all pure and low - ly, For heavenly ser - vice meet.
 sway my in - most soul, Thy graces work with - in me And all my powers con - trol.

THE LAND THAT IS FAIRER THAN DAY.

Companion piece to "The Sweet By and By."

A. W. HAVENS.

Moderato.

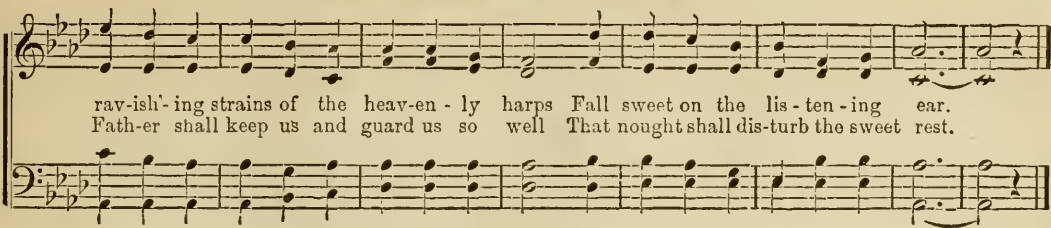
1. Yes, we know in that land that is fair-er than day, Where the Water of Life flows so fair, Our
 2. In that heavenly home when our souls shall have passed Thro' the valley and shadow below, We shall

friends gone be-fore are now wait-ing for us To dwell with them ev-er more there: Where all
 dwell in the ful-ness of heav-en-ly love And pleasures im-mor-tal shall know, We shall

sor-row and pain are for-got-ten And gone is all trou-ble and fear. And the
 join with our loved ones in sing-ing, The glo-ri-ous songs of the blest, While our

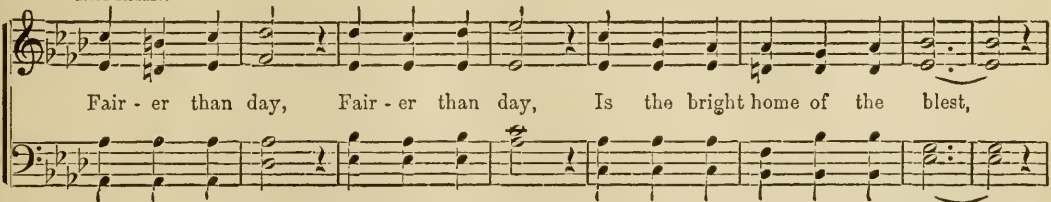
THE LAND THAT IS FAIRER THAN DAY.—Concluded.

37

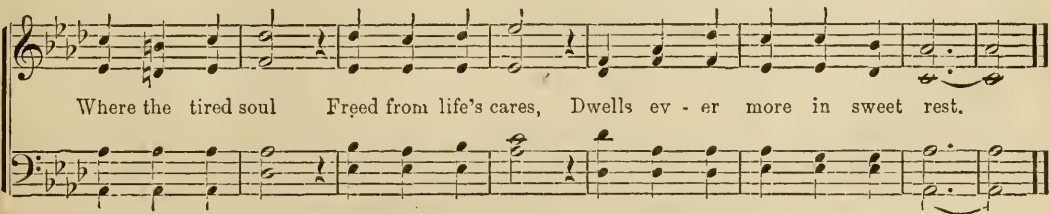


rav-ish-ing strains of the heav-en - ly harps Fall sweet on the lis - ten - ing ear.
Fath-er shall keep us and guard us so well That nought shall dis-turb the sweet rest.

REFRAIN.



Fair - er than day, Fair - er than day, Is the bright home of the blest,



Where the tired soul Freed from life's cares, Dwells ev - er more in sweet rest.

IF ONLY I HAVE THEE.

From the German of NOVALIS, by Dr. G. W. BETHUNE.

J. R. MURRAY.

Earnestly.

1. If on - ly I have Thee, If on - ly mine Thou art, And to the grave Thy
 2. If on - ly I have Thee, I glad - ly all for - sake, To fol - low on Where
 3. If on - ly I have Thee, Then all the world is mine; Like those who gaze Up -

pow'r to save Up - holds my faith - ful heart; Nought can then my soul an - noy, Lost in
 Thou hast gone, My pil - grim way I take; Leav - ing oth - er men to stray In the
 - on the rays That from the glo - ry shine; Rapt in ho - ly thoughts of Thee, Earth can

Slow.

wor - ship, love, and joy, }
 bright, broad, crowded way. } If on - ly I have Thee. If on - ly I have Thee.
 have no gloom for me. }

From "Murray's Sacred Songs," by permission.

SWEET BY AND BY.

89

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER. By Per.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far, For the Father waits o - ver the
 2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore, The me-lo - di-ous songs of the blest, And our spirit shall sorrow no
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther above, We shall of-fer the tri-bute of praise, For the glo - ri-ous gift of his

way, To pre-pare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall
 more— Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
 love, And the blessings that hallow our days!

by and by, by and by,

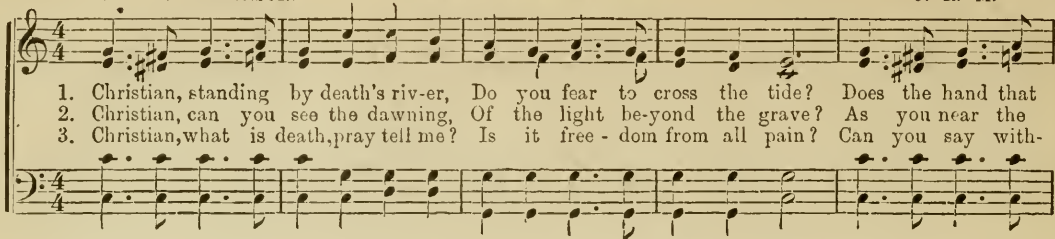
meet on that beautiful shore, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

by and by, by and by, by and by,

LOOKING HEAVENWARD.

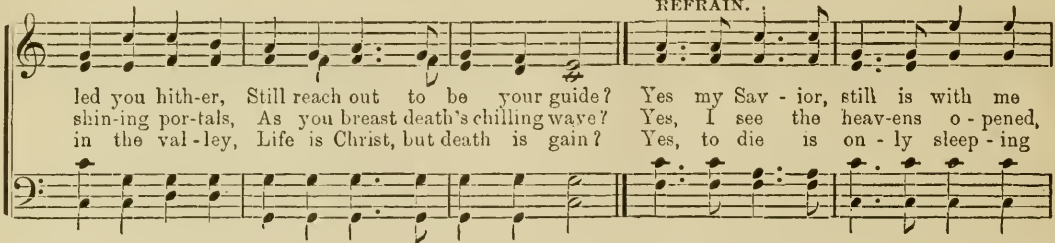
REV J. B. ATCHINSON.

J. R. M.

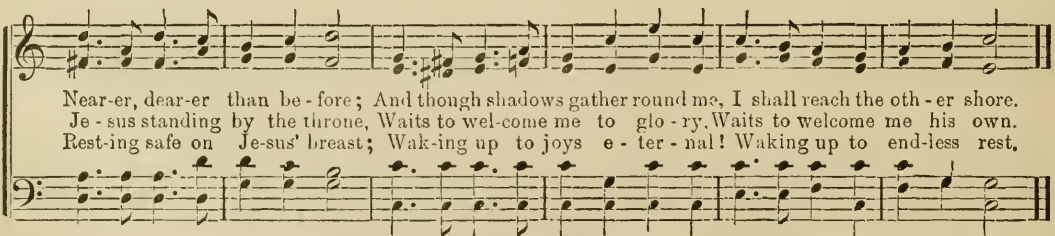


1. Christian, standing by death's riv-er, Do you fear to cross the tide? Does the hand that
 2. Christian, can you see the dawning, Of the light be-yond the grave? As you near the
 3. Christian, what is death, pray tell me? Is it free - dom from all pain? Can you say with-

REFRAIN.



led you hith-er, Still reach out to be your guide? Yes my Sav - ior, still is with me
 shin-ing por-tals, As you breast death's chilling wave? Yes, I see the heav-ens o - pened,
 in the val-ley, Life is Christ, but death is gain? Yes, to die is on - ly sleep - ing



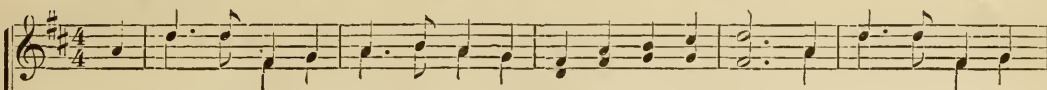
Near-er, dear-er than be - fore; And though shadows gather round me, I shall reach the oth - er shore.
 Je - sus standing by the throne, Waits to wel-come me to glo - ry. Waits to welcome me his own.
 Rest-ing safe on Je-sus' breast; Wak-ing up to joys e - ter - nal! Waking up to end-less rest,

TO HIM WHO DWELLS AND REIGNS ON HIGH.

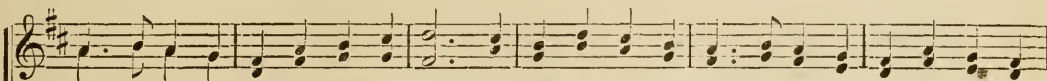
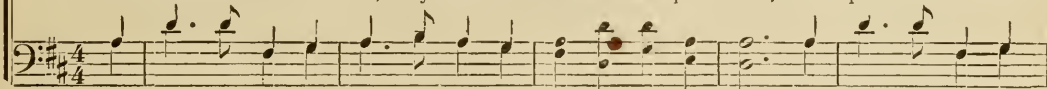
97

R. G. STAPLES.

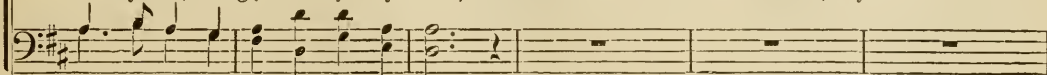
J. R. M.



1. To Him who dwells and reigns on high, Let anthems now a - rise, On Christ the rock, our
2. Draw nigh, thou God of Hosts, draw nigh, And make thy face to shine; Own now the read-ing
3. When e'er from Zi-ons wall, Thy own An-noin-ted shall pro-claim, The price-less val-ue



faith we build, For Mansions in the skies, With humble, con-trite hearts we raise (Accept our off-ring,
of thy word, By grace and power divine; While here the humble prayer doth rise O bend thou from thy
of thy Son, O glo - ri - fy thy name; And when on earth our work is done, May we to life di -

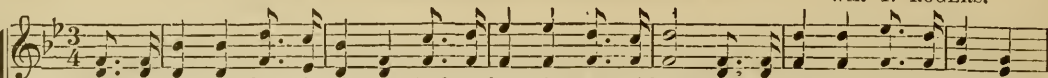


Lord,) Our sweet - est note of prayer and praise, And mag - ni - fy the Word.
throne, Oh light our path-way to the skies, And crown us then thine own.
vine, A-rise for aye in Heav - en to dwell With thee, O God, and Thine.

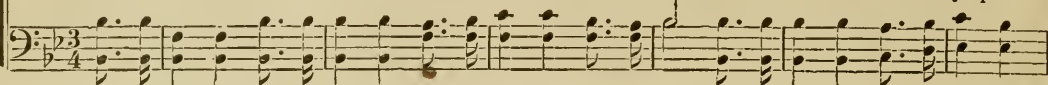
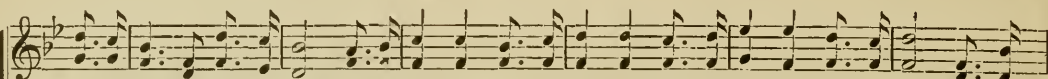


WAITING BY THE RIVER.

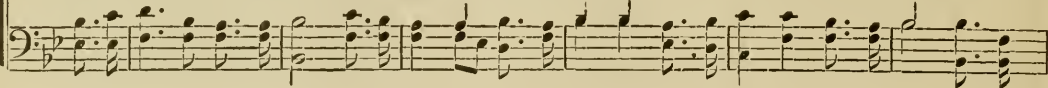
WM. T. ROGERS.



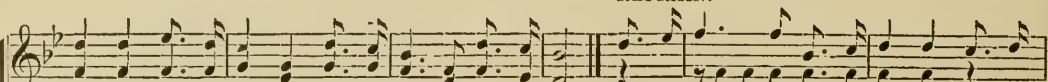
1. I am wait-ing by the riv-er, And my heart has waited long; Now I think I hear the cho-rus
 2. Far a-way be-yond the shad-ows Of this wea-ry vale of tears, There the tide of bliss is sweep-ing
 3. They are launch-ing on the riv-er, From the calm and quiet shore, And they soon will bear my spirit

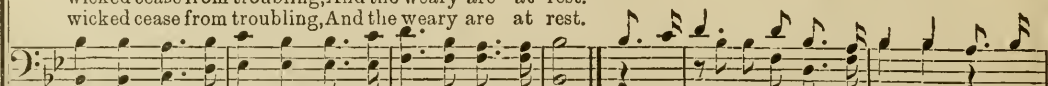
of the an-gels wel-come song, Oh, I see the dawn is break-ing, On the hill-tops of the blest, Where the
 Thro' the bright and changless years, Oh, I long to be with Je-sus, In the mansions of the blest, Where the
 Where the weary sigh no more. For the tide is swift-ly flow-ing, And I long to greet the blest, Where the



REFRAIN.



wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest. Oh, I see the dawn is break-ing, On the
 wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.
 wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.



I see the dawn is break-ing,

WAITING BY THE RIVER.—Continued.

93

hill - tops of the blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

The hill-top of the blest,

THE BEAUTIFUL.

× × ×

1. Beau-ti-ful fa - ces they that wear, The light of a pleas - ant spir - it there, It

mat - ters not if dark or fair.

2. Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good and true,
Busy for them the whole day through,
3. Beautiful they or rich or poor,
Who walk in the pathway sweet and pure,
Leading to mansions strong and sure.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

Earnestly, and not too slow.

FREDERICK G. SPENCER.

1. Oh, let us be faith-ful and true, And la - bor for treasures a - bove, That we may our
 2. Re - mem - ber your Savior's command, To work while it yet is called day, For soon will the
 3. O, how can you sloth - ful - ly sit, And i - dle hands leis - ure - ly fold, When the harvest in -

CHORUS. O, let us be faith-ful and true, The wea - ry ones cheer - ing a - long: And soon we shall

Fine.

Sav - ior be - hold, And share in His boun - ti - ful love. Do some one a kind - ness each day, Help
 darkness of night, From your labor com - pell you to stay. Be earn - est in res - cue - ing souls, And
 deed is so great, And the garner that ci - ty of gold. Too many are they who have strayed, From the

reach that fair land, And join in the beau - ti - ful song.

D. C. for Chorus.

those who are burdened along, So when we shall reach that blest shore, We may join in the heavenly song.
 speak of your Savior each chance, And thus by your deeds while on earth, The nobles of caus - es ad - vance.
 path that leads upward to - day, Go, urge them to turn from their course. And follow the strait narrow way.

cres. rit.

MAKE ME WHOLLY THINE.

95

E. A. HOFFMAN.

"In me ye shall have peace,

J. R. M.

1. O the bur-den I feel with-in! Lord, I am wea-ry and sick of sin! I come, I come to the
 2. O the anguish that fills me now! Low in contrition of heart I bow, May I, my Sav - ior
 3. O the longings that swell my soul! O the deep yearnings that o'er me roll! I come, I come with en-

REFRAIN.

fountain of blood, To wash in its cleansing flood. Je - sus to'ard the pro-di - gal move,
 be restored, O save me from sin, dear Lord.
 treaty to thee, O pi-ty and save thou me!

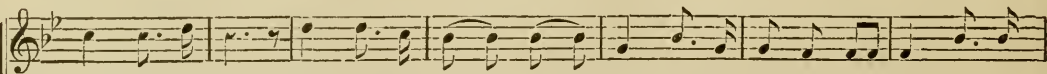
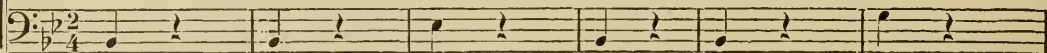
Op-en thy heart of ten - der love! Seal me with thy rich blood divine, And make me wholly thine.

REMEMBERED.

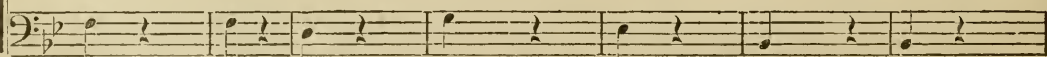
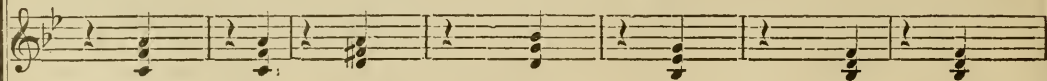
P. P. BLISS.



1. Fad - ing a - way, like the stars of the morn-ing, Los - ing their light in the
2. So let my name, and my place be for-got-ten, On - ly my life race be
3. So in the harv - est, if oth - ers may gath-er, Sheaves from the fields that in
4. Fad - ing a - way, like the stars of the morn-ing, So let my name be un -



glo - ri - ous sun; So let me steal a - way, gent-ly and lov-ing - ly, On - ly re -
 pa - tient-ly run; So let me pass a - way, peace-ful - ly, si - lent - ly, On - ly re -
 spring I have sown, Who ploughed or sowed mat-ters not to the reap - er, I'm On - ly re -
 honored, un-known, Here and up yon - der I must be re-membered, On - ly re -



membered by what I have done, On - ly re - membered by what I have done.

Slow.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line with mostly whole and half notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, also containing a bass line with mostly whole and half notes. The tempo marking 'Slow.' is placed above the final measure of the bottom staff.

CHORUS.

Ev - er remembered, for - ev - er remembered Ev - er remembered while the years are rolling on ;

Evermore remembered, ev-ermore remembered, Ev - er remembered while the years are rolling on ;

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line with mostly whole and half notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, also containing a bass line with mostly whole and half notes.

Ev - er remembered, for - ev - er remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
ritard.

Ev-ermore re-membered, ev-ermore re-membered, On - ly re-membered by what I have done.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line with mostly whole and half notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, also containing a bass line with mostly whole and half notes.

GO TELL THE JOYFUL STORY.

BELLE.

1. When you have found the Savior, The matchless Son of God; Go tell the joy-ful sto - ry, Go
 2 The Son of man has sought you And bought you with his blood; That you might say to others, "Be-
 3. Some wand'r'er now is wait-ing, Not far out-side the gate; For you to go and find him;—And
 4. Re - mem-ber, Je-sus calls you To work—yet not a - lone, He is your mighty help - er, And

speak his name a - broad; Tell oth - ers they may find him— He came to seek and save, And
 hold the Lamb of God;" Go then and seek the err - ing, Tell them how Je - sus died That
 dare you long - er wait? While you are standing i - dle, The soul that you might win, May
 nev - er leaves his own! Then straightway tell the sto - ry, The grace of God proclaim; Stand

REFRAIN,

that he might re - deem them, His precious life He gave. Go tell the joy - ful sto - ry; The
 they may seek and find him, And walk close by his side.
 be fast bound for - ev - er, In death's un-bro-ken chain.
 up, stand up, for Je - sus, Stand trusting in His name.

GO TELL THE JOYFUL STORY.—Concluded.

99

grace of God pro-claim, Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand trusting in His name.

CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNY CROSBY.

"It is good to draw nigh to God."

Wm. W. BENTLY, by per.

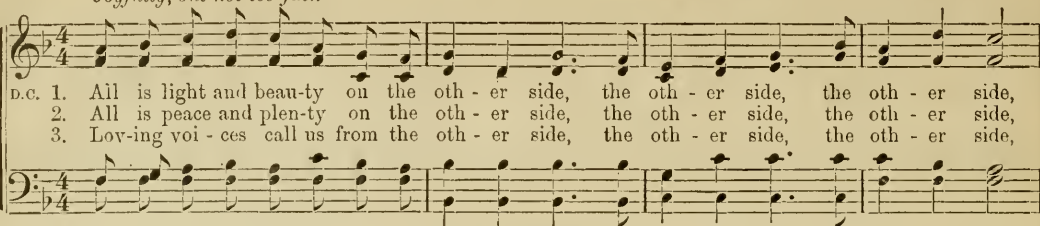
1. Close to Thee, O Lamb of God, May Thy spirit hold me; 'Neath Thy all protecting wings Let Thy mer-cy fold me.
 2. Close to Thee, when weak and faint, Duty's path pur-suing; Let me feel Thy circling arm, All my strength renewing
 3. Close to Thee, O Sa-vior mine Near Thy cross a-bi-ding; I can brave the tempest's pow'r, In Thy love con-fi-ding.
 4. Close to Thee, when earthly ties One by one are breaking, When my soul to life a - new Glad and pure a - wak-ing.

Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Keep thy child for-ev-er, Anchored firmly on the rock Sin can harm me nev-er.

WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

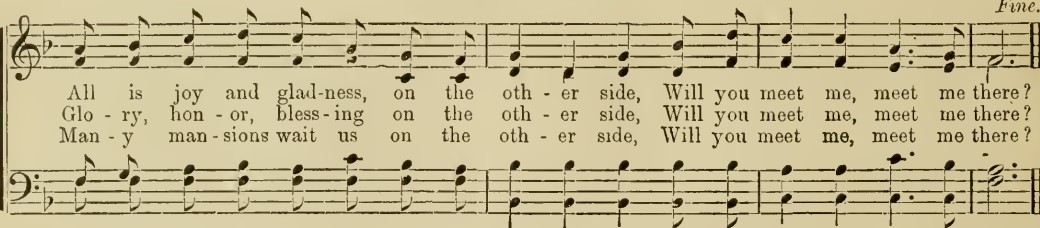
Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

Joyfully, but not too fast.

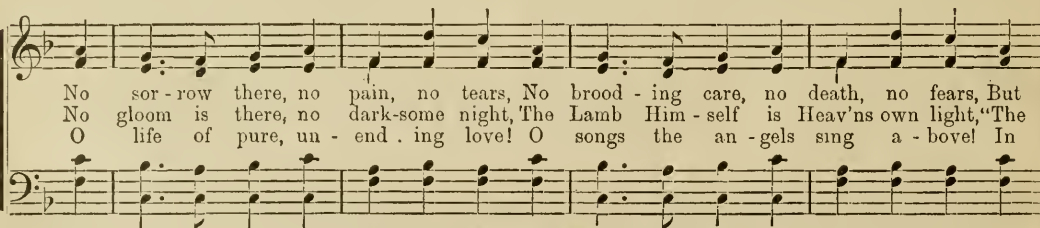


D.C. 1. All is light and beau-ty on the oth - er side, the oth - er side, the oth - er side,
 2. All is peace and plen-ty on the oth - er side, the oth - er side, the oth - er side,
 3. Lov-ing voi - ces call us from the oth - er side, the oth - er side, the oth - er side,

Fine.



All is joy and glad-ness, on the oth - er side, Will you meet me, meet me there?
 Glo - ry, hon - or, bless-ing on the oth - er side, Will you meet me, meet me there?
 Man - y man - sions wait us on the oth - er side, Will you meet me, meet me there?

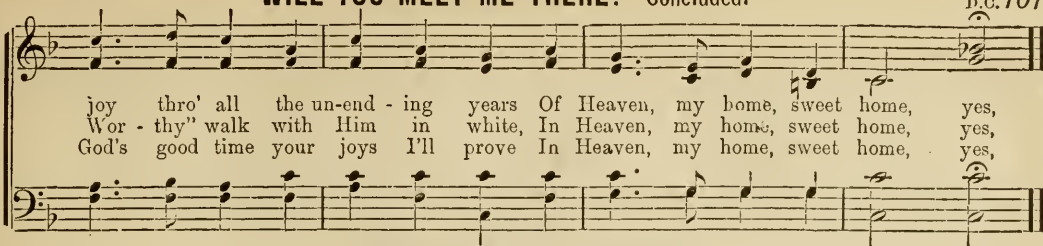


No sor - row there, no pain, no tears, No brood - ing care, no death, no fears, But
 No gloom is there, no dark-some night, The Lamb Him - self is Heav'n's own light, "The
 O life of pure, un - end - ing love! O songs the an - gels sing a - bove! In

From "Murray's Sacred Songs," by permission.

WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?—Concluded.

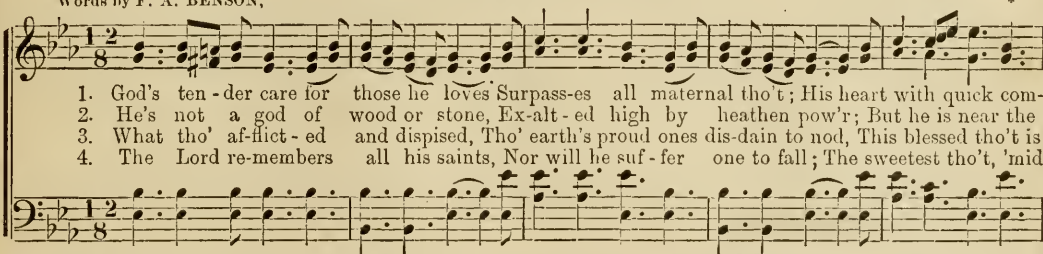
D.C. 101



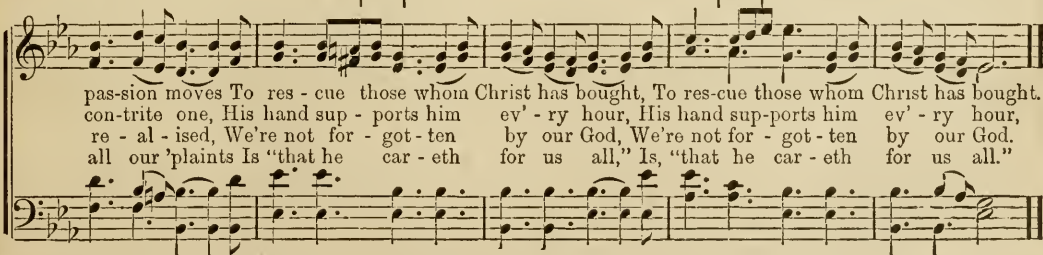
joy thro' all the un-end - ing years Of Heaven, my home, sweet home, yes,
 Wor - thy" walk with Him in white, In Heaven, my home, sweet home, yes,
 God's good time your joys I'll prove In Heaven, my home, sweet home, yes,

FOR HE CARETH FOR YOU.

Words by F. A. BENSON,



1. God's ten - der care for those he loves Surpass-es all maternal tho't; His heart with quick com-
 2. He's not a god of wood or stone, Ex-alt-ed high by heathen pow'r; But he is near the
 3. What tho' af-flict-ed and dispised, Tho' earth's proud ones dis-dain to nod, This blessed tho't is
 4. The Lord re-mem-bers all his saints, Nor will he suf-fer one to fall; The sweetest tho't, 'mid



pas-sion moves To res - cue those whom Christ has bought, To res-cue those whom Christ has bought.
 con-trite one, His hand sup - ports him ev' - ry hour, His hand sup-ports him ev' - ry hour,
 re - al - ised, We're not for - got - ten by our God, We're not for - got - ten by our God,
 all our 'plaints Is "that he car - eth for us all," Is, "that he car - eth for us all."

WORTHY THE LAMB.

J. M. KIEFFER. By Per.

1. There's an earnest voice, and it seems to say; "Why will you linger, Oh! why will you stay, A -
 2. 'Tis a lov-ing voice, and it speaks to thee, Wan-der-er whether on land or on sea; "The
 3. En-ter in, dear Guest, and possess my heart, —Tho't and af-fee-tion; Oh! nev-er depart, Till I

way from the rest, And the joys that are best, And a home up in heav-en a-bove?"
 day will be o'er, When I can no more Gent-ly knock at the door of your heart."
 hear Thee in love, Call-ing me from a-bove, To my beau-ti-ful home in the sky.

home above,

CHORUS. Fa-ther's voice.

'Tis a Fa-ther's voice, 'Tis a Fa-ther's love 'Tis a
 Tis a Fa-ther's voice, 'tis a Fa-ther's love, That calls us to our home a-bove,

Fath - er's voice, 'tis a Fath - er's love, That calls us to our home a - bove.

JESUS, GENTLE SAVIOR.

J. M. KIEFFER.

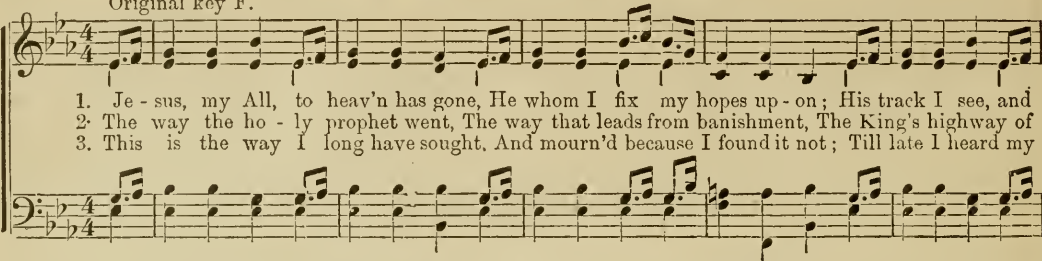
1. Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempest'ous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, Hid - ing rock and
2. Though the sea be smooth and bright Sparkling with the stars of night And my ship's path be a - blaze, With the light of
3. When the darkling heavens frown And the wrathful winds come down And the fierce waves tossed on high Lash themselves a -
4. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar, 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then while lean - ing

treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me. Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me.
 haleyon days, Still, I know my need of Thee: Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me.
 gainst the sky, O - ver life's tempest'ous sea, Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me.
 on Thy breast, May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee! Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

JESUS MY ALL, TO HEAVEN IS GONE.

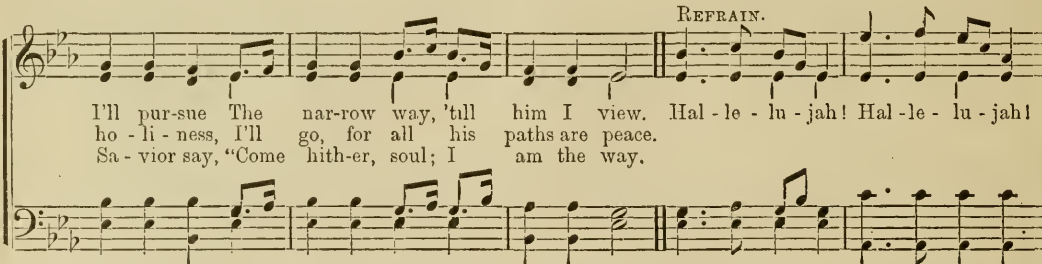
GEO. F. ROOT.

Original key F.

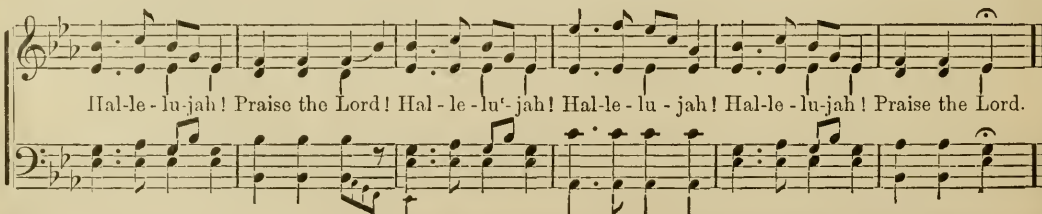


1. Je - sus, my All, to heav'n has gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; His track I see, and
 2. The way the ho - ly prophet went, The way that leads from banishment, The King's highway of
 3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; Till late I heard my

REFRAIN.



I'll pur-sue The nar-row way, 'till him I view. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
 Sa - vior say, "Come hith-er, soul; I am the way.



Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord.

JESUS, MY ALL TO HEAVEN IS GONE.—Concluded.

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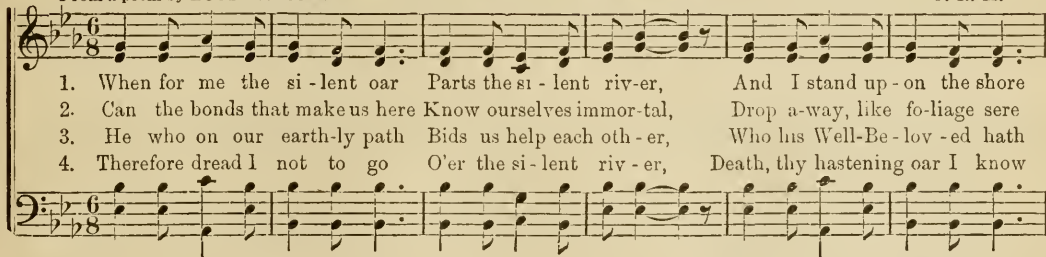
4 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb!
Wilt take me, guilty as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Now will I tell to sinners round
How dear a Savior I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

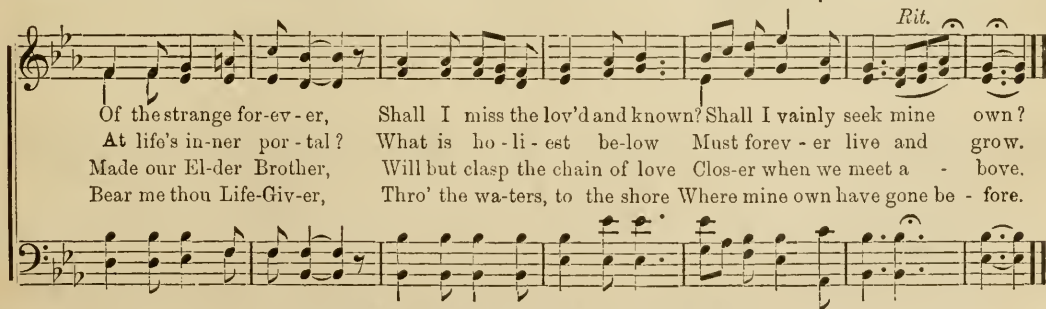
WHEN FOR ME THE SILENT OAR.

From a poem by LUCY LARCOM.

J. R. M.



1. When for me the si-lent oar Parts the si-lent riv-er, And I stand up-on the shore
2. Can the bonds that make us here Know ourselves immor-tal, Drop a-way, like fo-li-age sere
3. He who on our earth-ly path Bids us help each oth-er, Who his Well-Be-lov-ed hath
4. Therefore dread I not to go O'er the si-lent riv-er, Death, thy hastening oar I know



Of the strange for-ev-er, Shall I miss the lov'd and known? Shall I vainly seek mine own?
At life's in-ner por-tal? What is ho-li-est be-low Must forev-er live and grow.
Made our El-der Brother, Will but clasp the chain of love Clos-er when we meet a - bove.
Bear me thou Life-Giv-er, Thro' the wa-ters, to the shore Where mine own have gone be - fore.

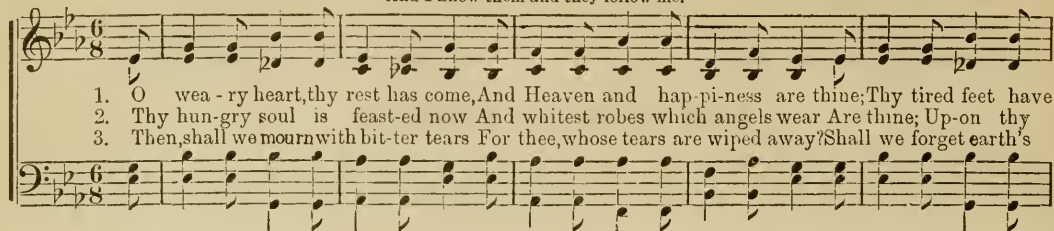
From "Murray's Sacred Songs," by permission.

THOU HAST REST.

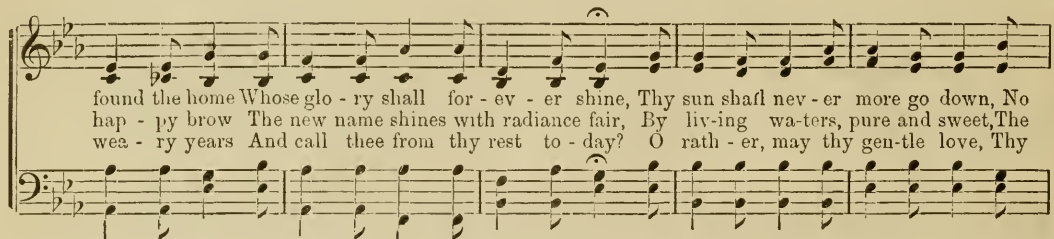
In Memory of a beloved and faithful Teacher.
Who passed into unseen life, 12th hour, 12th month, 1876.

Words and Music by
JAMES R. MURRAY,

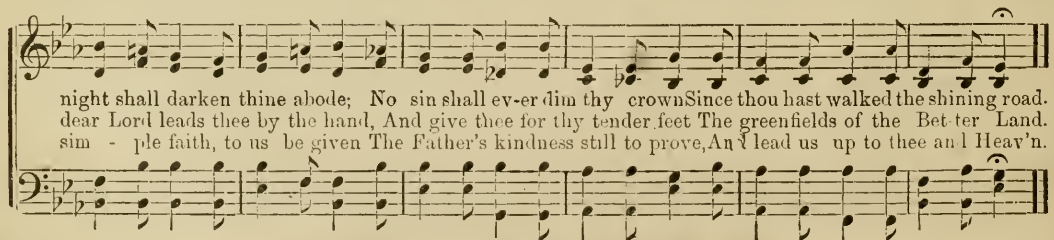
"And I know them and they follow me."



1. O wea-ry heart, thy rest has come, And Heaven and hap-pi-ness are thine; Thy tired feet have
2. Thy hun-gry soul is feast-ed now And whitest robes which angels wear Are thine; Up-on thy
3. Then, shall we mourn with bit-ter tears For thee, whose tears are wiped away? Shall we forget earth's



found the home Whose glo-ry shall for-ev-er shine, Thy sun shall nev-er more go down, No
hap-py brow The new name shines with radiance fair, By liv-ing wa-ters, pure and sweet, The
wea-ry years And call thee from thy rest to-day? O rath-er, may thy gen-tle love, Thy



night shall darken thine abode; No sin shall ev-er dim thy crown Since thou hast walked the shining road.
dear Lord leads thee by the hand, And give thee for thy tender feet The greenfields of the Bet-ter Land.
sim-ple faith, to us be given The Father's kindness still to prove, And lead us up to thee an-l Heav'n.

THE ALL HEALING FOUNTAIN

107

J. B. ATCHINSON.

With Ferver.

J. R. M.

1. There's an all-heal-ing foun - tain now flow-ing for sin,
 2. 'Tis a foun-tain most prec - ious, 'tis Je - sus' own blood!
 3. Though your sins be as crim - son, as wool they shall be,

In which all are in - vit - ed to
 Would you have full sal - va - tion? bathe
 When you wash in this fountain now

wash and be clean.
 now in its flood.
 flow - ing for thee.

Who - so - ev - er will go, Where this foun-tain doth flow In its

4. Tarry not till you're better, plunge now in the pool;
 'Tis the Savior invites you and He'll make you whole.

5. All the saints now rejoicing in heaven above,
 Were cleansed in this fountain—the gift of God's love.

6. Let us all in these waters now wash and be clean,
 And ascribe all the glory to Him who was slain.

WORK FOR ALL.

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY. By Per.

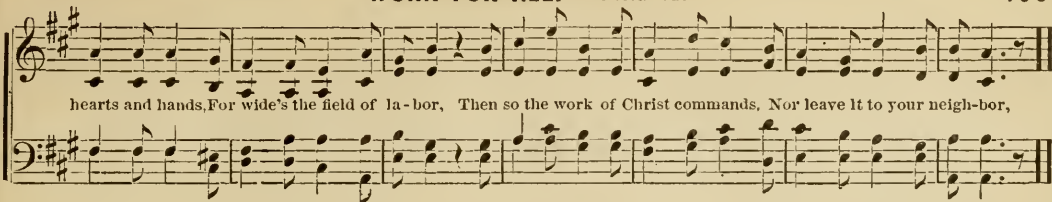
1. To toil and pray in heath - en lands, Per-haps may be de - nied us, But there is work for
 2. When-e'er a pure de - sire constrains, With care the bless - ing cher - ish, And when an e - vil
 3. Do some from vir - tue go as - tray ? Then strive to set be - fore them A god - ly life from

hearts and hands Within us, and be - side us, When-e'er temptation fierce and strong Allures the heart, re-
 hab - it reigns, As-sail it till it per - ish, The eyes bedimmed by bit - ter tears, A lov - ing word may
 day to day, Its beauty may restore them, Then plough the field and sow the seed, When-e'er you're called to

CHORUS.
 sist it: When falls the right be - fore the wrong, By words at least as - sist it. O, yes there's work for
 brighten, The load of grief the mourner bears, A helping hand may lighten.
 do it, And bless the world by word and deed, While you are passing thro' it

WORK FOR ALL.—Concluded.

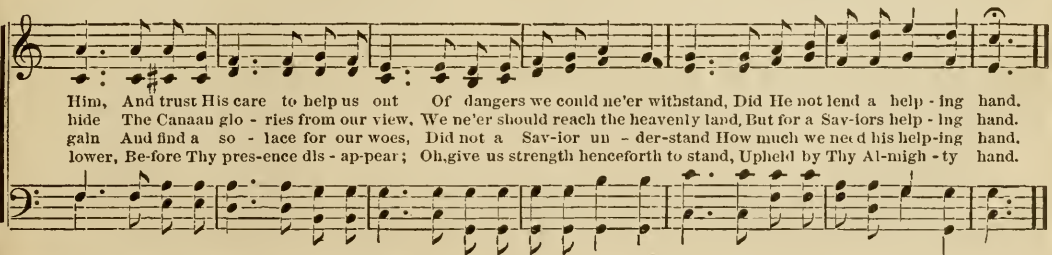
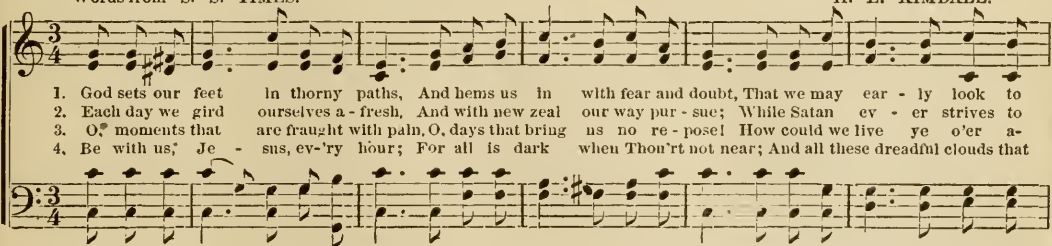
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THE HELPING HAND.

Words from "S. S. TIMES."

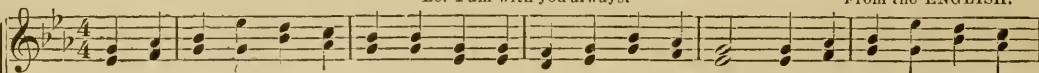
H. E. KIMBALL.



I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

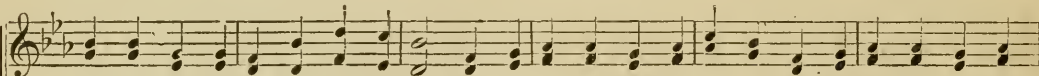
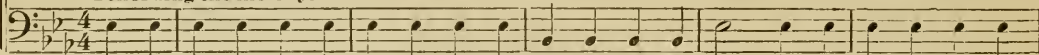
"Lo! I am with you always."

From the ENGLISH.

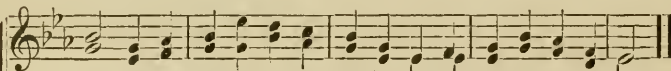
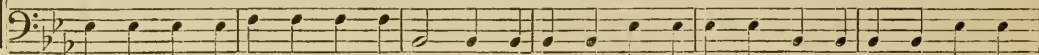


1. I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for-sake; I will guard, and save, and
2. When the storm is rag - ing round thee, Call on me in hum - ble prayer, I will fold my arms a -
3. When the sky a - bove is glow - ing, And a - round thee all is bright; Pleas - ure like a riv - er
4. When the soul is dark and cloud - ed, Filled with doubt, and grief and care; Thro' the mist by which 'tis

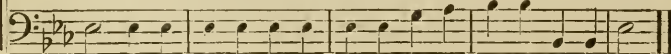
Tenor sing the melody.



keep thee, For my name and mercy's sake, Fear no e - vil, fear no e - vil, On - ly all my coun - sel
bount thee, Guard thee with the tend' rest care, In the tri - al, in the tri - al, I will make thy pathway
flow - ing, All things tending to de - light, I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps a -
shrouded, I will make a light ap - pear, And the banners, and the ban - ners Of my love I will up -



take, For I'll never, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee forsake.
clear, For I'll never, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee forsake.
right, For I'll never, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee forsake.
rear, For I'll never, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee forsake.



5

When thy feeble flame is dying,
And thy soul about to soar.
To that land where pain and sighing
Shall be heard and known no more;
I will teach thee, I will teach thee.
To rejoice that life is o'er,
For I'll never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake.

THINE FOREVER.

111

M. F. MAUDE.

Arr. from BLUMENTHAL.

1. Thine for-ev - er! God of love, Hear us from thy throne a - bove, Thine for - ev - er
 2. Thine for-ev - er! Sav-ior, keep, These thy frail and trembling sheep: Safe a - lone be -

may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty! Thine for - ev - er! oh, how blest!
 neath thy care, Let us all thy good-ness share, Thine for - ev - er! thou our Guide,

They who find in thee their rest! Sav-ior, Guardian, heavenly Friend, O de - fend us till the end!
 All our wants by thee sup-plied, All our sins by thee for-giv-en, Lead us, Lord from earth to Heaven!

NO SURRENDER!

COMPANION TO "HOLD THE FORT."

"Hold fast that which thou hast."

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Spirited.

1. No sur-ren - der to the foe! Shout the cry where'er you go; Fal - ter nev - er we must
 2. No sur-ren - der! press a - long, Tho' the hosts of sin are strong; We shall more than conquerors
 3. No sur-ren - der! then at last, All our con - flicts o - ver-past, Glad will be our wel-com-

Fine.

win, No sur-ren - der - ing to sin. No sur-ren - der! let it be Bat - tle
 be, If we trust, O Lord, in thee! No sur-ren - der! an - gel bands, From the
 ing, To the Ci - ty of the King. For-ward, then! fall in - to line! Bright the

D. C.

cry for you and me God will help us, He is near, He is with us, do not fear.
 fair and heav'nly lands, Haste to help us; more are they Than the foes that bar our way.
 conqueror's crown will shine, Storm the camp of sin and wrong, Sweet will be the vic-tor's song.

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

PRECIOUS WORDS OF PEACE.

"My peace I give unto you."

S. W. STRAUB.

113

1. How sweet to feel the Sa-vior near, His love re-mov-ing ev-ery fear; And oh, how sweet his
 2. Oh, sa-cred joy to know, to feel, When at the mercy-seat we kneel, The hallow'd bliss these
 3. To hearts by sin and sorrow riv'n The precious words of peace are giv'n,—An earnest of the
 4. When kneeling at the Sa-vior's feet, We find in him our joy complete; He speaks—oh, prec-ious

REFRAIN.

words of cheer, My peace I leave with thee. Prec-ious words of peace, Prec-ious words of
 words reveal, My peace I leave with thee.
 bliss of heav'n, My peace I leave with thee.
 words so sweet, My peace I leave with thee.

peace; Oh, joy complete, oh, words so sweet, My peace I leave with thee.

WE BLESS THEE, DAY BY DAY.

"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee."

J. R. M.

S.

1. For thou-sand, thou-sand mer - cies new, at dawn and ves-per hour; The ear-ly and the
 2. For fond af - fec - tion's rich-est love, For household tones of mirth; For mel - o - dies that
 3. For hope of bet - ter things a - bove, For Him who died for all; For love di-vine, e-

D. S. thous-and. thousand mer - cies new, At dawn and ves-per hour; The ear-ly and the

Fine.

lat - ter dew, The sun-shine and the show'r. For founts of ev - er-springing bliss For
 hour-ly pour From hearts of kind-red birth, For many a fireside thrill of love, For
 ter - nal love, That rais,d us from the fall. For all the Christian's holy dow'r, His

lat - ter dew, The sun - shine and the show'r.

D. C.

hope's unclouded ray; For life's thrice blessed sympathies, We bless Thee, day by day. For
 many a joy-ous lay, For peace that emblems peace above, We bless Thee, day by day. For
 anchor, hope, and stay, For all, O' God of love and power, We bless Thee, day by day. For

YOUR MISSION.

Composed by S. M. GRANNIS.

115

1. If you can-not on the o-cean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing
2. If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand within the valley while the

Rit.
at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sailors, Anchor'd yet within the bay, You can
mul - ti-tudes go by, You can chant in hap - py measure, As they slow - ly pass along, Though they

lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
may forget the singer, They will not for - get the song, They will not forget the song.

3. If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot towards the needy,
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Savior's feet,

4. If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

5. Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you,
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

THE KING OF LOVE.

SIR H. W. BAKER.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Semplice. F

1. The King of Love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er; I noth-ing lack if
 2. Per-verse and fool-ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder
 3. Thou spread'st a ta-ble in my sight, Thy unction grace be-stow-eth, And O, the transport

D. C. King of Love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er; I noth-ing lack if

Fine.

I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er. Where streams of liv - ing wa-ters flow My
 gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic-ing, brought me. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, With
 of de-light, With which my cup o'er-flow-eth. And so through all the length of days, Thy

I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.

D. C.

ransomed soul He lead-eth, And where the verdant pastures grow With food ce - les-tial feed - eth. The
 Thee, dear Lord beside me; Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.
 goodness fail-eth nev - er; Good Shepherd may I sing Thy praise, Within Thy house for-ev - er.

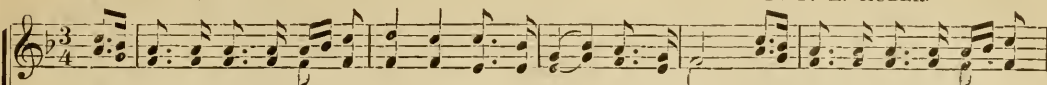
FOLLOW ME.

117

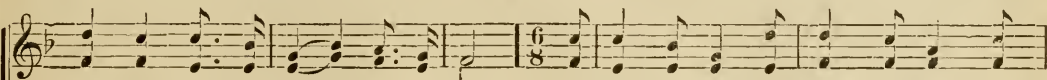
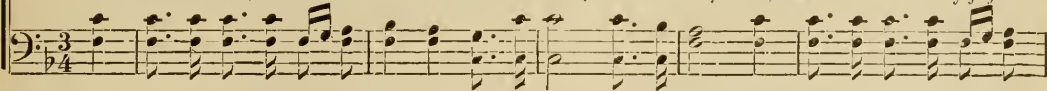
A little Christian boy of eight years, as he was dying, said to those about his bed: I've been trying to walk in the footsteps of Jesus." This expression has in it one of the clearest descriptions of religion that could be given by a child.

REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

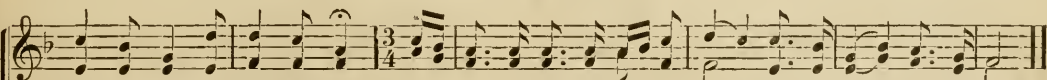
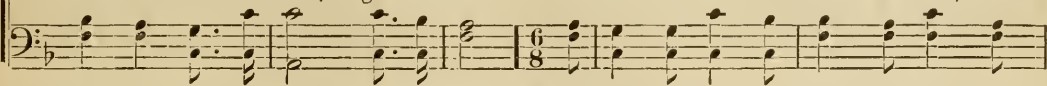
D. F. E. AUBER.



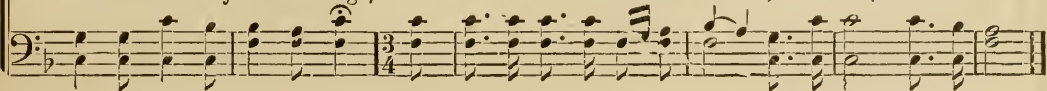
1. My heart has heard the Savior say-ing, "Fol-low me, fol-low me." My sins I left, and Christ o-
2. The footsteps of my bless-ed Sav-ior, Mine shall be, mine shall be. Like His my words, my whole be-
3. In heav'n at last, the Lamb that leads us We shall see, we shall see; While with the heavenly joy he



bey - ing, Bent the knee, bent the knee. Thou bid'st the lit - tle child - ren come, Lest
hav - ior, All shall see, all shall see. My heart be like the Sav - ior's mind, My
feeds us Glad and free, glad and free! The lambs that fol - low Him be - low, With



in the paths of sin we roam, And when we reach our Father's home, Rest with Thee, Rest with Thee.
words like His be - ev - er kind, Till in my soul I nothing find, Un-like Thee, Un-like Thee.
Him thro' heav'nly fields shall go, And all his wond'rous love He'll show, Un-to me, Un - to thee.



HOME! LIGHT! HOME!

These were the last words of a poor Newsboy.

J. R. M.

1. Home! light! Home! the light of a cloudless day; It breaks o'er the cit - y whose
 2. Home! light! Home! a home mid the ransom'd band; Drink-ing of fountains that
 3. Home! light! Home! all light in the vale of death; All light in the soul from the

build-er is God, And nev-er shall fade a - way; No sun, nor moon, nor star O'er the
 nev - er fail, And led by a Sa - vior's hand; Nev-er to hung-er or thirst;
 "Light of the World," All light on the path be - neath; Light that for sin-ners shall shine; As ne

mansions of rest may reign, For the Lamb is the light of that golden land, The light is the Lamb once slain;
 Nev - er to faint or fear; On - ly to live in the light of His smile Who guided his footsteps here.
 shouts in his triumph "come," And tells of the light of the Lamb once slain And points to his glorious home.

HOME ! LIGHT ! HOME.—Concluded.

119

REFRAIN.

Home, Light, Home. Home, Sweet Home.

Home, hap-py home, so fair, so fair, Sweet home, happy home, sweet home, sweet home, For the

Lamb is the light of that Gold-en Land, The light of our Home, sweet home.

TENDER SHEPHERD.

...

1. Tender Shepherd, Lead me, Feed me, Or I famish by the way; For I faint for heavenly manna, And I need it, Day by day.

2. Tender Shepherd, Watch me, Guide me, Rough and dark I find the way, And I need Thee close beside me, For I wander, Day by day.

3. Tender Shepherd, Take me, Keep me, When I lay me down to die; For I'm lost unless the Shepherd, Takes me to the Fold on high.

IF PAPA WERE ONLY READY.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I should like to die, I said Wil - le, If my pa - pa could die too; But he
 2. But she told me, I re - mem - ber, once while sit - ting on her knee. That the
 3. There I know I shall be hap - py. and I'll know al - ways want to of stay; I shall
 4. There will be none that may be I shall I ve - ry soon no more called a - way, If I'll
 5. Net - lie says, that may be I shall I ve - ry soon no more called a - way, If I'll

says he is n't rea - dy cause he has so much to do; And my
 an - gels nev - er wea - ry, watch - ing shall o - ver her end - less me; And
 love to to hear the sing - ing I shall o - ver her end - less me; And
 see ma - ma - ly rea - dy, I for I know like he'll to - day. But that
 pa was on - ly rea - dy, I for I should like he'll to - day. But that

lit - tle sis - ter Nel - lie, says that I must sure - ly die, And that she and ma - ma - then she stopped be -
 if we're good, (and ma - ma told me just the same be - fore,) They will let us in - to Heav - en when they
 love to look at Je - sus I shall love him more and more, And I'll gath - er wa - ter lil - ies for the
 have to tell the an - gels, when I meet him at the door, That he must ex - cuse my pa - pa (cause he
 I should go be - fore him, to that world of light and joy, Then I guess he'd want to come to heaven to

cause it made me cry, And that she and ma-ma—then she stopped, be-cause it made me cry,
 see us at the door, They will let us in - to Heav - en, when they see us at the door.
 an - gel at the door, And I'll gath - er wa - ter lil - ies for the an - gels at the door.
 could - nt leave the store, Then he must ex - cuse my pa - pa, cause he could - nt leave the store.
 see his lit - tle boy, Then I guess he'd want to come to Heaven to see his lit - tle boy.

JESUS, SUN AND SHIELD.

Spirited.

"BELLE.

1. Je - sus, Sun and Shield art Thou; Sun and Shield for - ev - er! Nev - er canst Thou cease to shine, Cease to guard us,
 2. Je - sus, Love and Life art Thou; Life and Love for - ev - er! Ne'er to quick - en shalt Thou cease, Or to love us,
 3. Je - sus, Song and Strength art Thou; Strength and Song for - ev - er! Strength that never can de - cay, Song that ceaseth

nev - er, Cheer our steps as on we go, Come be - tween us and the foe, Come be - tween us and the foe."
 nev - er, All of life and love we need, Is in Thee, in Thee in - deed, Is in Thee, in - Thee in - deed.
 nev - er, Still to us this strength and song Through eternal day pro - long, Through e - ter - nal day pro - long.

BE STRONG IN JEHOVAH.

"For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

J. R. M.

Spirited.

1. Be strong in Je-ho-vah, though hard be the fight, We'll conquer, we know, in the pow'r of His might; Put
 2. Thus sing while we march thro' the midst of our foes, Who stand all determined our way to oppose; We
 3. With loins girt with truth may we stand in the fight, And righteousness placed as our breastplate so bright, Our

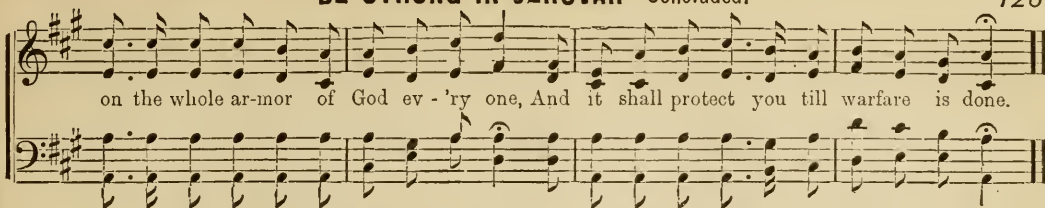
on the whole ar-mor of God ev - ery one, For it a - lone shelters till vic - tor-y's won.
 conquer their legion, our bat-tle song raise; The Lord is our Captain; His name ev - er praise.
 feet shod with sandals prepared for the war, The gos - pel of peace which our foes shall not mar.

REFRAIN.

Be strong in Je - ho - vah, be strong in His might, Be strong in Je - ho - vah, tho' hard be the fight; Put

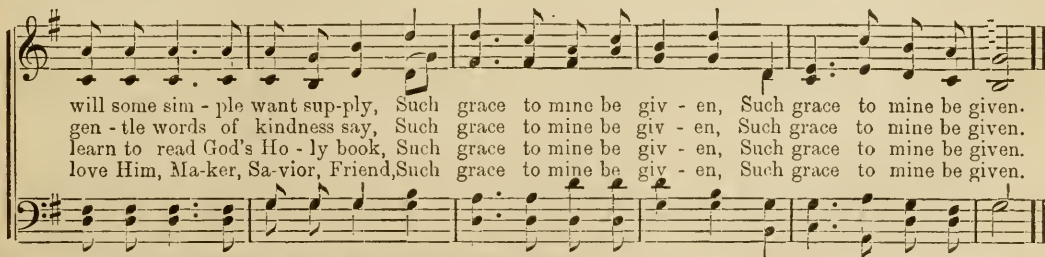
BE STRONG IN JEHOVAH—Concluded.

123



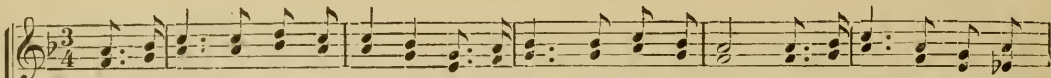
O WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO ?

J. R. M.,

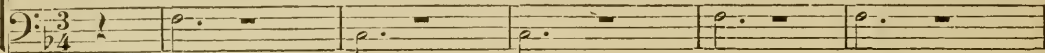


BY-AND-BY.

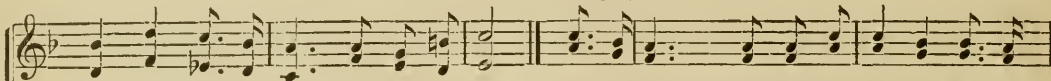
J. H. TENNEY.



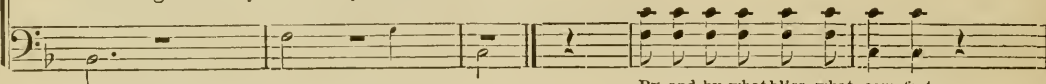
1. By-and-by, O fee - ble hearted, By - and-by the storm will cease, And the fierce and wrathful
2. By-and-by, why thus dishearten'd 'Neath thy cross of grief and sin? By - and-by press brave-ly
3. By-and-by that joy-ful summons, Christ shall send to call thee home; 'Mid life's sorrows sweetly



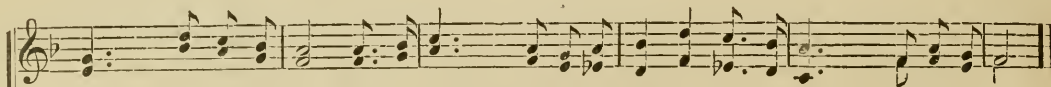
CHORUS.



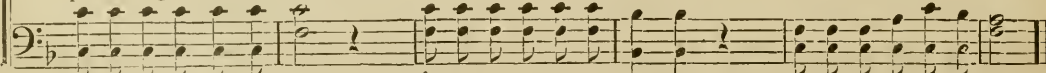
tem-pest Then will be e - ter - nal peace; By-and-by, what bliss, what comfort When life's
on-ward, You that glo - rious goal shall win!
sound-ing Rise, my wea - ry child and come.



By-and-by, what bliss what com-fort,



pil - grim-age is o'er; We shall dwell 'mid joys su-per - nal, In that blest for-ev-er-more.



When life's pilgrimage is o'er: We shall dwell 'mid joys su - per - nal, In that blest for-ev - er-more.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS.

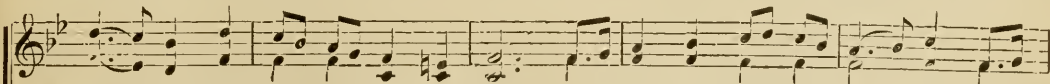
J. R. M.

125

Vigorously.

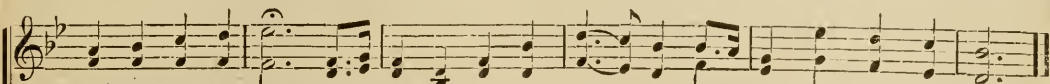
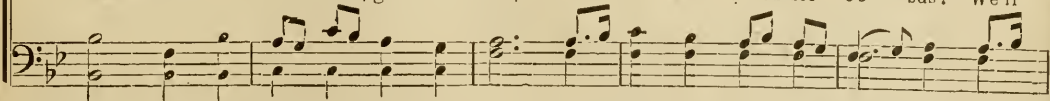


1. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Once more be - fore we part, Ring out the joy - ful
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, From out the Gold - en Gate, Through all Pa - cif - ic's
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Through all its fragrant zones, Ring out a - gain the

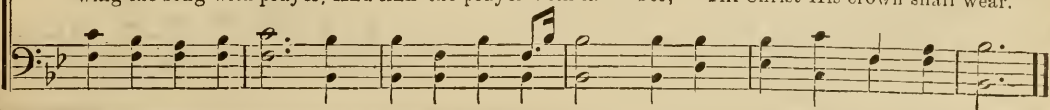


watch-word From ev - ery grate - ful heart,
is - lands, To Chi - na's prince - ly state;
watch-word In loft - iest, glad - est tones,

The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be
From In - dia's vales and moun - tains, Through
The whole wide world for Je - sus! We'll



this our bat - tle cry, The lif - ted cross our stand - ard, A sign to con - quer by.
Per - sia's land of bloom, To storied Pal - es - ti - na And Af - ric's des - ert gloom.
wing the song with prayer, And link the prayer with la - bor, Till Christ His crown shall wear.



GOD HATH PROMISED.

MRS. EDWIN WRIGHT.

"BELLE."

Spirited.

1. Child of God, dost see the stand-ard Of the ris - en Lord, Marshalled are ye
 2. What al-though, in slow pro - ces - sion Cen - tur - ies have passed, Since He gave His
 3. Faith im - plic - it, prompt o - be - dience, From this time we bring, Till Thou mak - est
 4. Has - ten, Lord, thy glo - rious com - ing, Speed, Oh, speed the day, When all na - tions,

REFRAIN.

'neath His ban - ner? Is His truth thy sword? God hath prom - ised, God hath promised,
 ho - ly cov - nant By His oath made fast?
 truth tri - umph - ant And Thy praise we sing.
 tribes and kind - red In Christ's name shall pray.

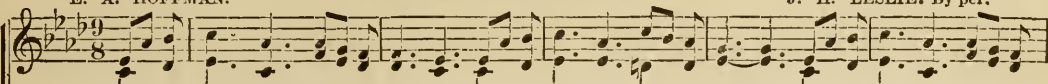
Nor His word will break; Ev - 'ry knee shall bow be - fore Him, Bow for Je - sus sake.

THE VERY BEST FOR JESUS.

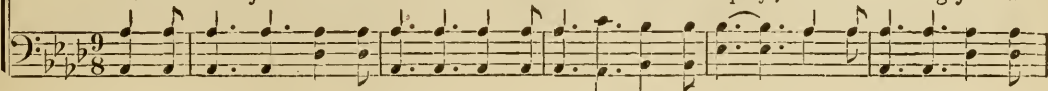
127

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. LESLIE. By per.



1. Give to Christ your best af-fec-tion! He is wor-thy to re-ceive, Love the pur-est and the
2. Give your choic-est hours to Je-sus, In de-vo-tion pure and blest. Hours most rich in tho't and
3. Give to Christ your no-blest tal-ents! Use them in his sweet em-ploy; In the us-ing you will

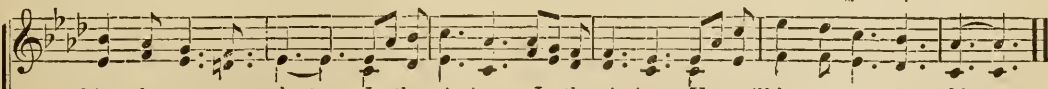
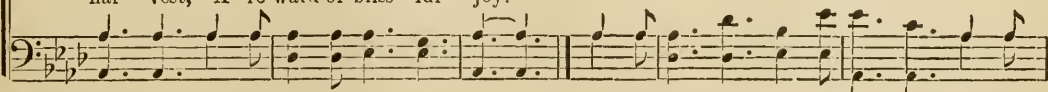


CHORUS.

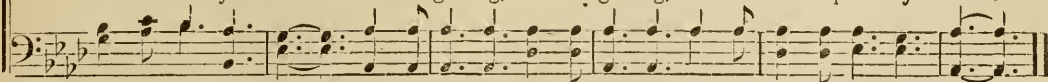


warm-est, All your trusting heart can give.
 feel-ing— He deserves the ver-y best.
 har-vest, A re-ward of bliss-ful joy.

Give the ver-y best to Je-sus, Give to



him the ver-y best. In the giv-ing, In the giv-ing, You will be su-preme-ly blest.



4. Give your influence to the Savior!
 Bring no stain upon his name
 By a heart untrue and faithless,
 By a life of sin and shame.—REF.

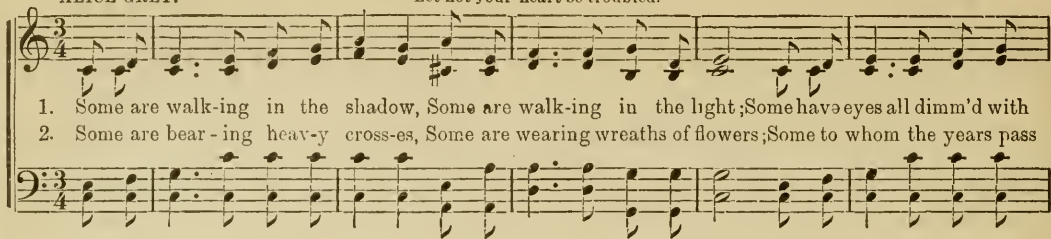
5. Give your soul, your all to Jesus,
 As a willing sacrifice;
 Your reward shall be a mansion
 In the shining Paradise.—REF.

SOME ARE WALKING IN THE SHADOW.

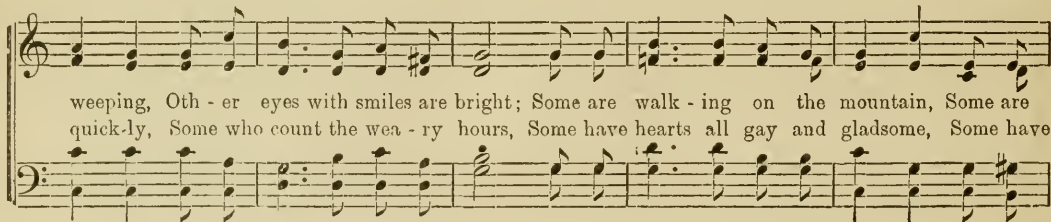
ALICE GREY.

"Let not your heart be troubled."

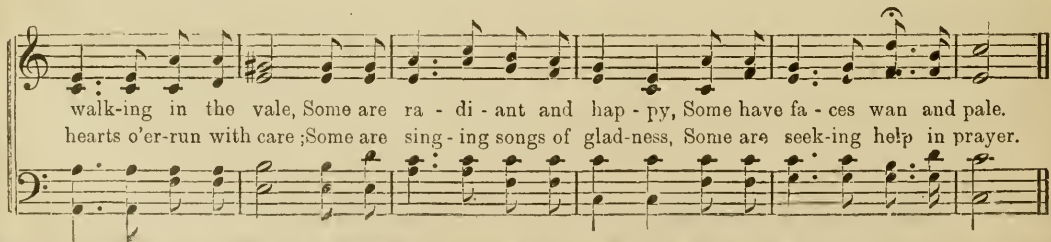
* * *



1. Some are walk-ing in the shadow, Some are walk-ing in the light; Some have eyes all dimm'd with
 2. Some are bear-ing heav-y cross-es, Some are wearing wreaths of flowers; Some to whom the years pass



weeping, Oth-er eyes with smiles are bright; Some are walk-ing on the mountain, Some are
 quick-ly, Some who count the wea-ry hours, Some have hearts all gay and gladsome, Some have



walk-ing in the vale, Some are ra-di-ant and hap-py, Some have fa-cies wan and pale.
 hearts o'er-run with care; Some are sing-ing songs of glad-ness, Some are seek-ing help in prayer.

SOME ARE WALKING IN THE SHADOW—Concluded.

129

Thus we trav - el on life's path - way, Till we reach our home a - bove, There for -
 ev - er past all shad - ow We shall dwell in light and love.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble and a bass staff. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, and the second system contains the next two lines. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

S. BARING GOULD.

Rev. EDWARD SEYMOUR.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shadows of the evening, Steal across the sky.
 2. Je - sus give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose, With thy tend'rest blessing, May our eyelids close.
 3. When the morning wakens, Then may we a - rise, Pure and fresh and blameless In Thy Ho-ly eyes.

The musical score for this hymn is in 4/4 time and consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The score ends with a double bar line.

OVER THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

LINA H. BARTON.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. O - ver the beau-ti - ful hills,..... Touched by the fin - ger of God,.....
 2. O - ver the beau-ti - ful hills,..... Guard - ing the gates of the east,.....

1. O - ver the beau-ti - ful hills, Touched by the fin - ger of God,
 2 O - ver the beau-ti - ful hills, Guard - ing the gates of the east,

Comes the first ray of the wakening day, The messenger of our God. O - ver the brighten - ing
 Je - sus will come, our Light and our Sun, A conquerer, bringing peace, The mountains shall tremble with

lake, Bringing his message of peace. And o - ver the beau-ti - ful pur - ple hills
 joy, A glow in the won - der - ful light, As o - ver the beau-ti - ful pur - ple hills

OVER THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.—Concluded.

131

CHORUS.

Cometh the sun in the east. Hail! all hail! The beautiful day! Glo-ri-a ti-bi
Cometh the glo-ry of Christ.

Dom-i-ne!* Hail! all hail! the beautiful day! Glo-ri-a ti-bi Dom-i-ne!

* Glory be to thee, O God! (Glo-ri-a ti-bi Dom-e-nay.)

GUARD AND GUIDE US.

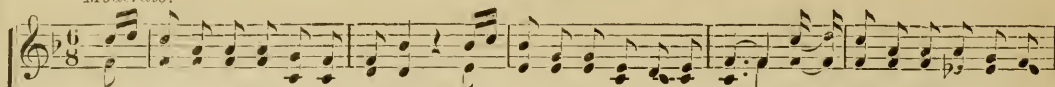
1. Father from whose hand doth..... | spring, | Every good and perfect | thing, | For the gift of life we | raise | Songs of gratitude and | praise.
1. Thou hast placed us here on..... | earth, | For a high and glorious | birth, | And the precious boon hast..... | giv'n, | To exchange this earth for..... | heaven.
3. Then, O Fount of every..... | truth, | Guard and guide us in our | youth, | Cleanse our souls from every..... | stain, | Take them pure to thee a..... | gain.

THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

M. E. SERVOS.

ISAIAH 42, 6.

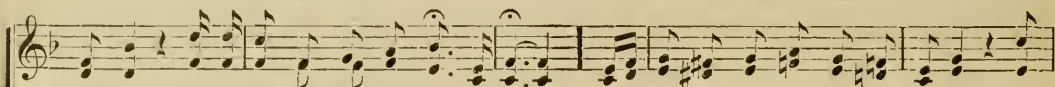
J. R. M.

Moderato.

1. I know not the hour of His com-ing, I know not the day, nor the year, But I know that He bids me be
 2. I know not what li-eth be-fore me, It may be all pleasure, all care, But I know at the end of the
 3. I know not what du-ties are wait-ing, For hands that are willing and true, And I ask but the strength to be



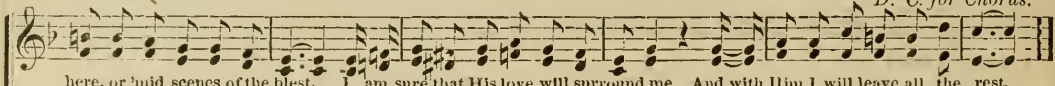
D. C. And when His voice calls in the morning, At noon-time, perhaps, or at night, With no plea but the one "Thou has



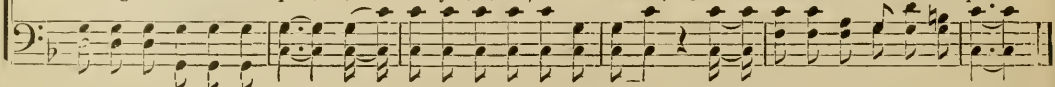
read - y For the step that I some-time shall hear. And whether on earth or in heav-en, Down
 journey Stands the man-sion, He went to pre-pare. And whether in joy or in sor-row, Through
 faithful And do well what He gives me to do. And if He should bid me stand i- dle, Just



called me," I shall en-ter the por-tals of light.

D. C. for Chorus.

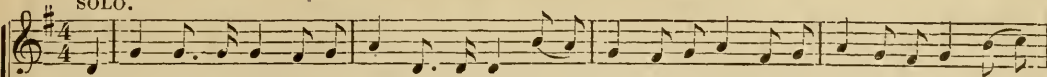
here, or 'mid scenes of the blest, I am sure that His love will surround me, And with Him I will leave all the rest.
 val-ley, o'er mountain, or hill, I will walk in the light of His presence, And His love all re-pin-ing shall still.
 wait-ing in weakness and pain, I have on-ly to trust, and be faithful, And sometime He'll make it all plain.



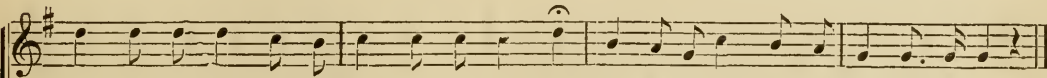
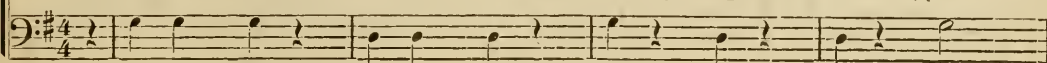
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

133

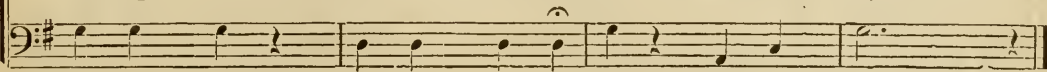
SOLO.



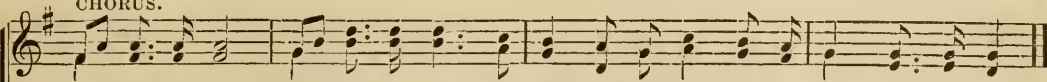
1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll repair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care, From the
2. When Sa-tan, my foe, cometh in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of God, I will
3. And when I have end-ed my pil-grim-age here, Clad in Je-sus pure righteousness let me appear: In the



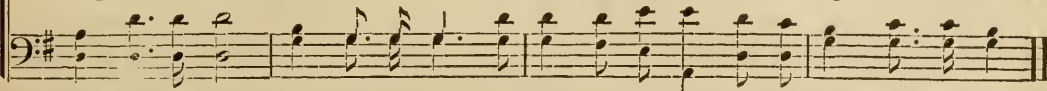
ends of the earth un - to Thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
 pray to my Sar - ior, who for me did die, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
 swell-ings of Jor - dan, on Thee I'll re - ly, And look to the Rock that is high-er than I.



CHORUS.



High-er than I, high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.

1. A - way from Fath-er's house, There's want, and woe, and pain; Re - turn, O pro - di - gal
 2. The Fath-er waits for you, With ten - der, lov - ing heart; Re - turn, O pro - di - gal
 3. A robe of snow - y white, The Fath - er will be - stow; Re - turn, O pro - di - gal
 4. O come with all your sin, From all your wand'rings vain, Re - turn, O pro - di - gal

CHORUS.

Son, Un - to your home a - gain. Pro - di - gal, Pro - di - gal, now re - turn, Why
 Son, And nev - er - more de - part.
 Son, In sin no farth - er go.
 Son, To Fath-er's house a - gain.

roam, why lon - ger roam? There's bread enough and to spare, Come home, come home, come home.

HASTE TO THE HARVEST FIELD.

135

R. S. LINDSAY.

"The fields are already white for the harvest."

J. R. M.

1. Hast thou no work to do? Look all a-round and see, Fields are al-read-y white, Wait-
 2. Why long-er sit at ease, And waste the precious sun; Thy work can nev-er end, 'Till
 3. Work on 'till death, re-deem The precious time you've lost; Ne'er fal-ter by the way, Nor

REFRAIN.

ing for thee. Haste to the harvest field, Haste, haste a-way; Haste to the har-vest field, no
 'tis be-gun.
 count the cost.

long-er de-lay, Haste to the har-vest field, Haste, haste away, Haste to the har-vest field to-day.

THE UNSEEN CITY.

Poetry by EMMA TUTTLE.

Composed by JAMES G. CLARK.

1. I think of a cit - y I have not seen Ex-cept in my hours of dream - ing; Where the
 2. I think of that cit - y, for O, how oft My heart has been wrung at part - ing; With
 3. That beau-ti - ful cit - y is home to me, My lov'd ones are go - ing thith - er, And

feet of mor-tals have nev - er been, To dark-en its soft, soft gleam - ing: A glim-mer of
 friends all pale who with foot-fall soft To its air - y heights were start - ing: I see them a
 they who al-read-y have cross'd the sea Are call - ing, "come hither, hith - er;" The ten - der

pearl, and a glint of gold, And a breath from the souls of ro - ses; And glo - ry and beau - ty
 gain in their raiment white, In the blue, blue distance dwell - ing; And I hear their prais-es in
 eyes that I worship'd here, From the gold-en heights be - hold me; And their songs en-trance my

THE UNSEEN CITY.—Concluded.

137

As I dream

As I

all un-told, Steal o - ver my calm re - po - ses;
calm de-light, Come down to the breezes swell-ing;
raptured ear When the wings of slumber fold me;

As I dream of a cit - y I have not seen, Of a

dream

Of a cit - y I have not seen,

As I dream

As I

cit - y I have not seen, As I dream

As I dream of a cit - y I

dream

Of a cit - y I have not seen,

As I dream

As I dream

Of a cit - y I have not seen...

Of a cit - y I have not seen...

have not seen, Of a cit - y I have not seen, Of a cit - y I have not seen...

As I dream

Of a cit - y I have not seen...

'BEAUTIFUL BELLS. Trio for Female Voices.

(NEW YEAR'S SONG

Words and Musio by N. B. SARGENT.

Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells,

1. Beau-ti - ful bells sweetly chiming on the air, Sor-row and joy ye a - like to mortals bear,
2. Beau-ti - ful bells ringing in the glad New Year, Sweetly your mu - sic falls on the list'ning ear,

Beau - ti - ful bells sweetly chiming on the air, Sor - row and joy ye a - like to mortals bear.

Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells.

Beau-ti - ful bells sweetly chiming on the air, Beau-ti - ful bells, sweetly chiming bells.

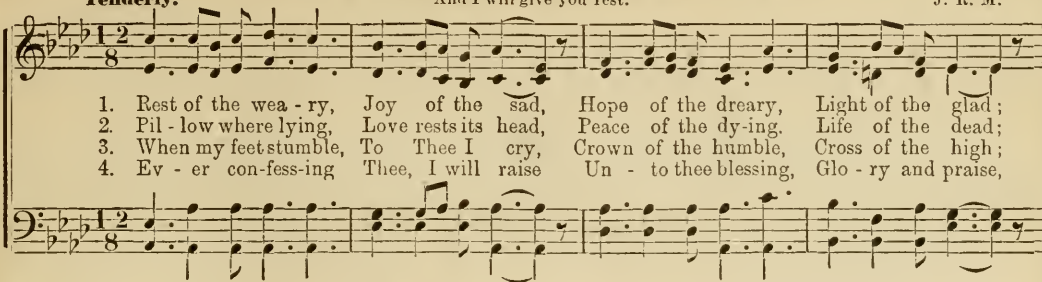
REST OF THE WEARY, SAVIOR AND FRIEND.

139

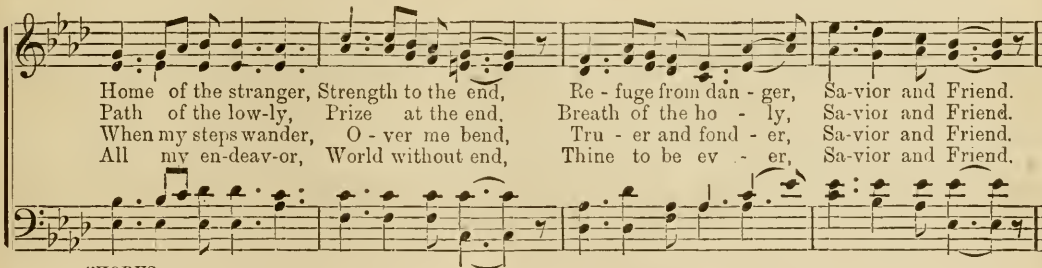
Tenderly.

"And I will give you rest."

J. R. M.

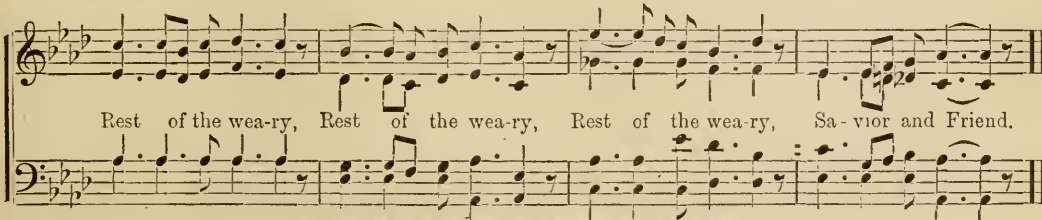


1. Rest of the wea - ry, Joy of the sad, Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad;
 2. Pil - low where lying, Love rests its head, Peace of the dy-ing, Life of the dead;
 3. When my feet stumble, To Thee I cry, Crown of the humble, Cross of the high;
 4. Ev - er con-fess-ing Thee, I will raise Un - to thee blessing, Glo - ry and praise,



Home of the stranger, Strength to the end, Re - fuge from dan - ger, Sa - vior and Friend.
 Path of the low-ly, Prize at the end, Breath of the ho - ly, Sa - vior and Friend.
 When my steps wander, O - ver me bend, Tru - er and fond - er, Sa - vior and Friend.
 All my en-deav-or, World without end, Thine to be ev - er, Sa - vior and Friend.

CHORUS.

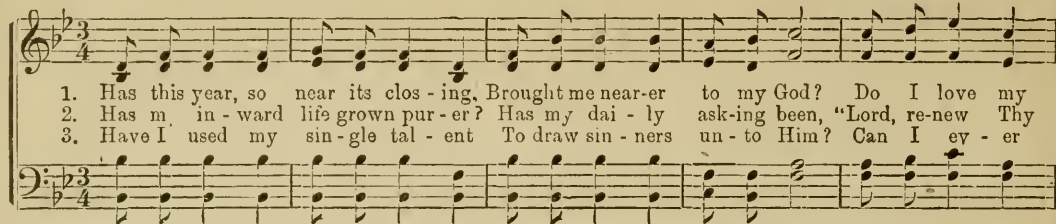


Rest of the wea-ry, Rest of the wea-ry, Rest of the wea-ry, Sa - vior and Friend.

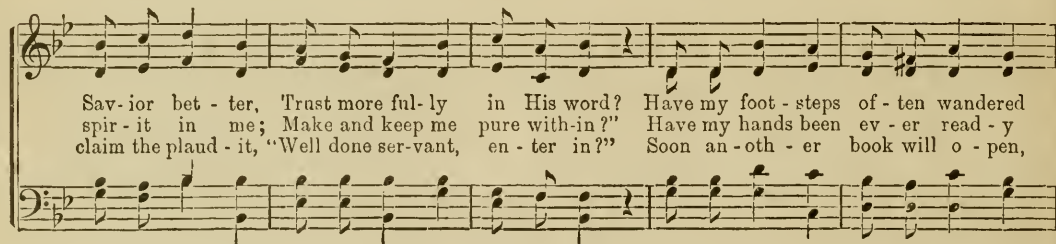
From "Murray's Sacred Songs," by permission.

F. J. D.

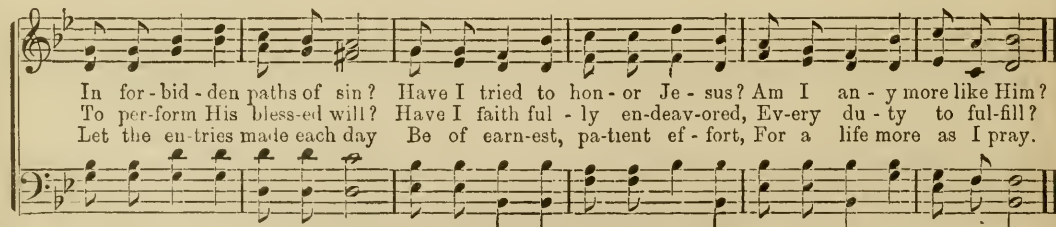
N. COE STEWART.



1. Has this year, so near its clos - ing, Brought me near - er to my God? Do I love my
 2. Has m. in - ward life grown pur - er? Has my dai - ly ask - ing been, "Lord, re - new Thy
 3. Have I used my sin - gle tal - ent To draw sin - ners un - to Him? Can I ev - er



Sav - ior bet - ter, 'Trust more ful - ly in His word? Have my foot - steps of - ten wandered
 spir - it in me; Make and keep me pure with - in?" Have my hands been ev - er read - y
 claim the plaud - it, "Well done ser - vant, en - ter in?" Soon an - oth - er book will o - pen,



In for - bid - den paths of sin? Have I tried to hon - or Je - sus? Am I an - y more like Him?
 To per - form His bless - ed will? Have I faith - ful - ly en - deav - ored, Ev - ery du - ty to ful - fill?
 Let the en - tries made each day Be of earn - est, pa - tient ef - fort, For a life more as I pray.

MY FATHER, LEAD ME ON.

141

J. EGERTON RAYMOND.

S. W. STRAUB.

1 My Fath - er! lead me on! Cour-age is al-most gone— Fear-ful, and faint, and
 2. O'er mountains sheer and steep, Where yawn broad chasms deep, My falt'-ring foot-steps
 3. Help me, what-e'er be - tide, To press on near Thy side, In ev - ery woe to

lone: Hear Thou my plea! Oh! come Thou to my aid, On
 keep, My cour - age stay; Through des - erts waste and wild, With
 hide On Thy dear breast. Guide me through day and night, Through

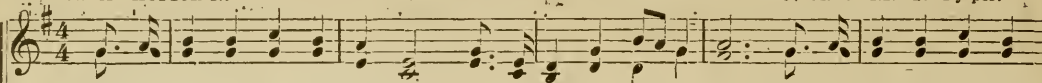
thee my trust is stayed, Thy ten - der voice first said "Come un - to me.
 dan - gers thick up - piled Oh! guide Thy wea - ry child, Fath - er, each day.
 ev - ery flood and fight, In - to the gates of light, Ev - er to rest.

ALL BECAUSE HE LOVES US SO.

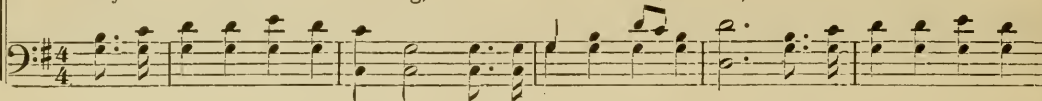
"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3, 16.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.



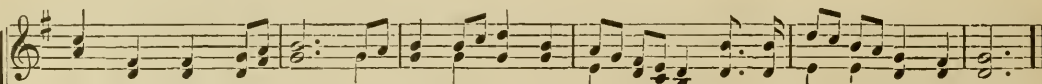
- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Why does Je-sus come with mer-cy | To poor sin-ners here be-low? Why does he for-give their |
| 2. Why did Je-sus my Re-deem-er, | Give his pre-cious blood to flow, To a-tone for help-less |
| 3. Why does Je-sus come en-treat-ing, | In a ten-der voice, and low, Hum-ble sin-ners to ac- |



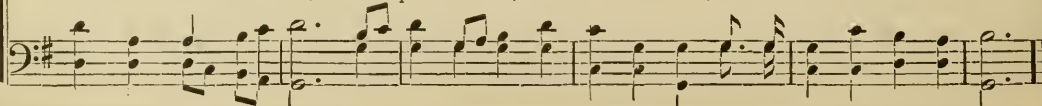
REFRAIN.



err-ing? All be-cause he loves them so.	All be-cause he loves us so.	All be-
sin-ners? All be-cause he loves them so.		
cept him? All be-cause he loves them so.		



cause he loves us so, He par-dons sin, and saves our souls, All be-cause he loves us so.



SAFE-RESTING.

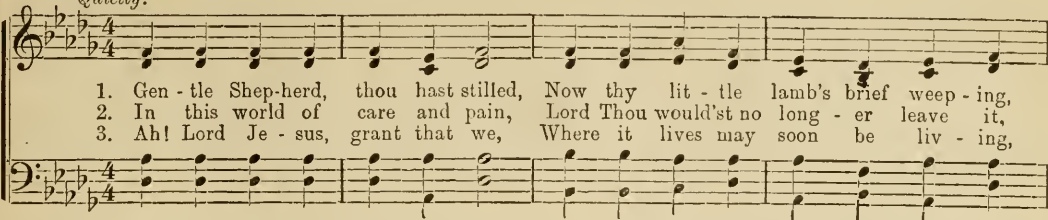
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For the burial of a child.

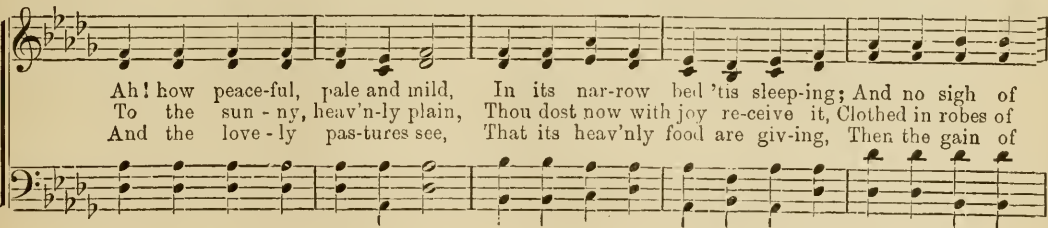
"He shall gather the lambs with His arm."

J. R. M.

Quietly.

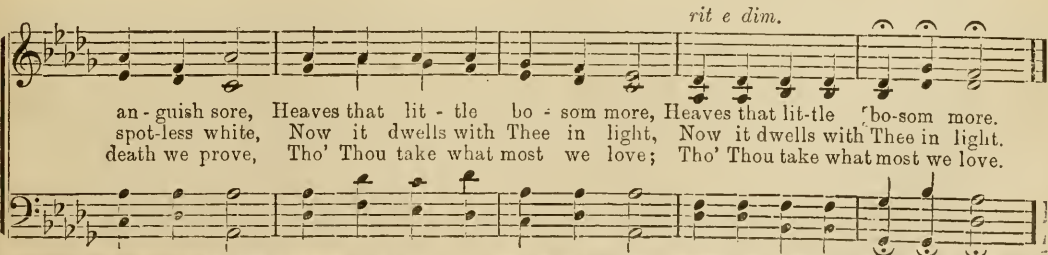


1. Gen - tle Shep-herd, thou hast stilled, Now thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing,
 2. In this world of care and pain, Lord Thou would'st no long - er leave it,
 3. Ah! Lord Je - sus, grant that we, Where it lives may soon be liv - ing,



Ah! how peace-ful, pale and mild, In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing; And no sigh of
 To the sun - ny, heav'n-ly plain, Thou dost now with joy re-ceive it, Clothed in robes of
 And the love-ly pas-tures see, That its heav'nly food are giv-ing, Then the gain of

rit e dim.



an-guish sore, Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more, Heaves that lit-tle 'bo-som more.
 spot-less white, Now it dwells with Thee in light, Now it dwells with Thee in light.
 death we prove, Tho' Thou take what most we love; Tho' Thou take what most we love.

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

P. P. BLISS.

1. The temp'rance ship is sail - ing on, Sail - ing on, Sail - ing on, The temp'rance ship is
 2. The mountain waves are roll - ing high, Roll - ing high, Roll - ing high, The mountain waves are
 3. A - rise young man for you must fight, You must fight, You must fight, A - rise, young man for
 4. Ho, friends of temp'rance firm - ly stand, Firm - ly stand, Firm - ly stand, Ho, friends of temp'rance,

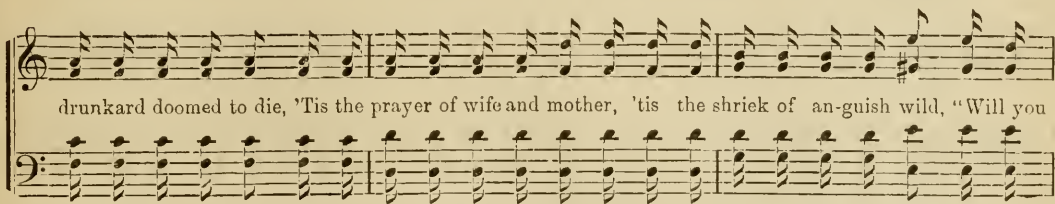
sail - ing on, Tho' an - gry bil - lows roar, To bless the world she's sail - ing on,
 roll - ing high, The pi - rate fleet is strong, We call for men to do or die,
 you must fight, A foe that seems a friend, The well worn way that seem - eth right,
 firm - ly stand, To meet the dar - ing foe. For God, for Truth, for Na - tive land

Sail - ing on, Sail - ing on, To bless the world she's sail - ing on, To reach a fair - er shore.
 Do or die, Do or die, We call for men to do or die, To crush the might - y wrong.
 Seemeth right, Seemeth right, The well worn way that seemeth right, A - las in death doth end.
 Na - tive land, Na - tive land, For God, for Truth, for Na - tive land, We dare to strike a blow.

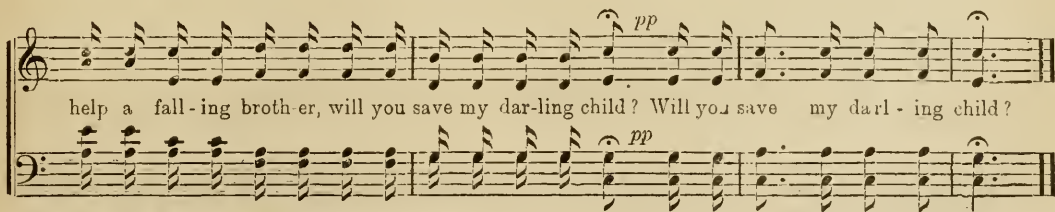
CHORUS.



Oh, ral - ly, free-man, ral - ly, Do you hear the fearful cry? 'Tis the solemn wail of warn-ing from the



drunkard doomed to die, 'Tis the prayer of wife and mother, 'tis the shriek of an-guish wild, "Will you



help a fall-ing broth-er, will you save my dar-ling child? Will you save my darl - ing child?

5. We see the blinded rush along.
Rush along, rush along,
We see the blinded rush along,
The broad and downward way.

Then raise at last a prayer or song,
Prayer or song, prayer or song,
Then raise at last a prayer or song,
To save them while we may.

AS WAND'RING THRO' THE WOODLAND.

(TEMPERANCE SONG.)

MISS S. C. HARVEY.

Allegretto.

1. { As wand-'ring thro' the wood-land One love-ly morn I strayed, The mer - ry, mer - ry
 I asked a bright-eyed lin - net, That bold-ly ven-tured near, What is it makes your
 2. { A stream-let rip-ped on-ward, And o'er each ver-dant bank Wav'd many a fra - grant
 Oh, could they speak, then sure-ly They like the birds would say, "'Tis wa - ter, spark - ling
 3. { Oh! shun the tempt-ing wine-cup, For want and shame are there; Touch not the drunk-ards'
 But drink the pure, cold wa - ter, That Heav'n so free - ly gives, For health, and strength and

CHORUS.

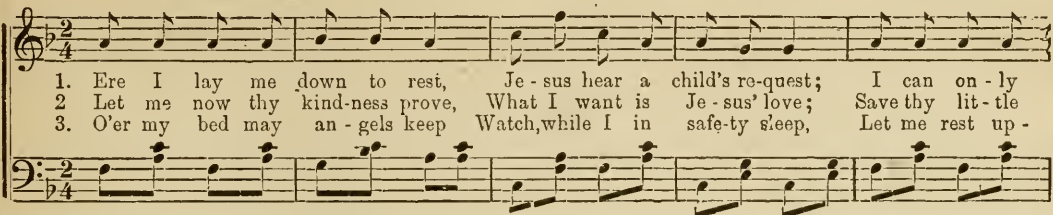
song birds, Their sweetest mu - sic made; }
 heart so light, What makes your voice so clear? }
 blos-som, and grass-es tall and rank; } "Wa-ter, water, water, water, Water, water, water, water,"
 wa - ter That makes us strong and gay. }
 poi-son, Nor once to taste it dare: }
 beau - ty To ev - 'ry thing that lives, }

Thro' the for - est rang, "Water, water, water, water, water, water, water, water," So the sweet bird sang.

THE CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

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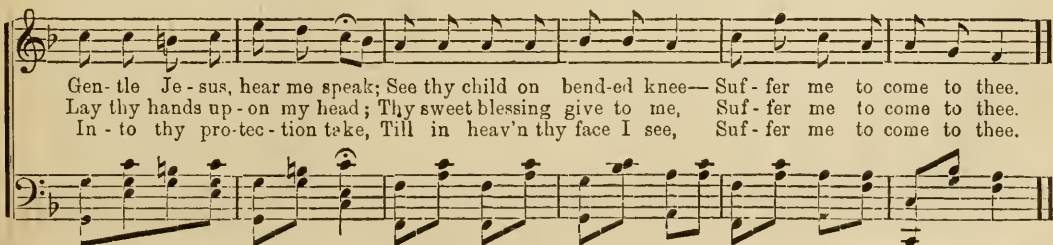
Music by N. B. SARGENT.



1. Ere I lay me down to rest, Je-sus hear a child's re-quest; I can on-ly
 2. Let me now thy kind-ness prove, What I want is Je-sus' love; Save thy lit-tle
 3. O'er my bed may an-gels keep Watch, while I in safe-ty sleep, Let me rest up-



lisp my prayer, Ask-ing for thy love and care, I am ver-y young and weak:
 child from harm, Clasp me in thy lov-ing arm. Ere I sleep up-on my bed,
 on thy breast, Let my dreams be bright and blest; When I in the morn-ing wake,

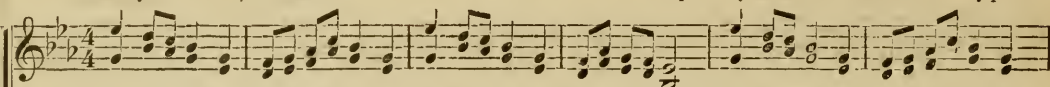


Gen-tle Je-sus, hear me speak; See thy child on bend-ed knee—Suf-fer me to come to thee.
 Lay thy hands up-on my head; Thy sweet blessing give to me, Suf-fer me to come to thee.
 In-to thy pro-tec-tion take, Till in heav'n thy face I see, Suf-fer me to come to thee.

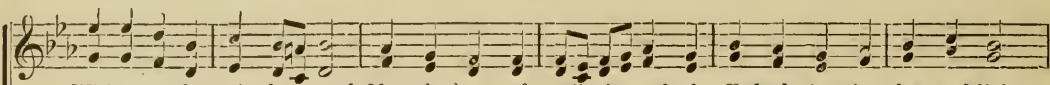
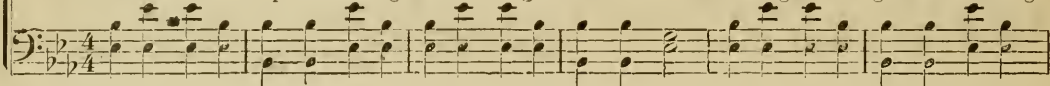
GOOD NIGHT.

Written by DR. T. C. CHATTEL.

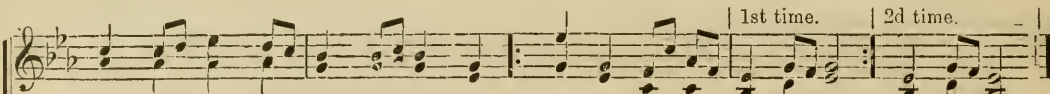
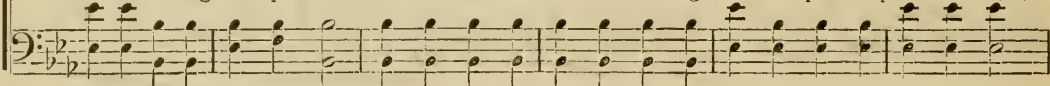
Composed by WILL W. BENTLEY. By per.



1. Once a-gain we come before you, That our good-night may be said, For the hours have hastened o'er you,
2. As these evening hours of pleasure, Waft us to the night's repose, So in filling our life's measure
3. Let us then be up and do-ing, There's enough for all to do: Knowing in the night that's coming

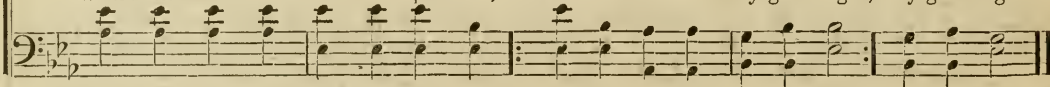


With a steady noise-less tread, Now the hum of toil is end-ed, Fad-ed is the day and light,
 We are drawing to its close, And the lamp of life now burning, Brightly with its ves-tal light,
 None his calling can pur-sue, Let us then that home be seeking, Where re-pose is pure de-light,



While the twi-light shad-ow dark-ens,
 Each to God the soul re-turn-ing,
 Where no fare-well word is spo-ken,

We will say to all good night, all good night.
 Fade in-to a long good night, long good night.
 Where we'll never say good night, say good night.



EVENING PRAYER.

149

A. G. RUSSELL.

FLEMING.

1. Night's shadows falling, Men to rest are call-ing; Rest we pos-sess-ing; Heav'nly peace and blessing;
 2. O Savior, hear us: Son of God, be near us; Thine an-gels send us, Let thy love attend us;
 3. Be near, re-liev-ing All who now are grieving; Thy vis-i-ta-tion Be our con-so-la-tion;
 4. Thou ev-er liv-est; Endless life Thou givest; Thou watch art keeping O'er thy faithful sleeping;
 5. O Lord of Glo-ry, Praise we and adore Thee Thee for us giv-en, Our true Rest from heaven;

This we im-plore Thee, Fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Great King of Glo-ry!
 He nothing fear-eth Whom thy presence cheer-eth, Light his path clear-eth.
 O hear the sigh-ing Of the faint and dy-ing; Lord hear our cry-ing.
 In Thy clear shin-ing They are now re-clin-ing, All care re-sign-ing.
 Rest, peace and bless-ing We are now pos-sess-ing, Thy name con-fess-ing.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

J. R. M.

"I am the good Shepherd."

Tune, "Evening Prayer."

- 1 He is the Shepherd, we his sheep who follow
 Where'er His blessed feet leads the way before us,
 In all our wandering His tender love is o'er us
 Guiding our onward way.
- 2 In the green pastures by the peaceful waters,
 Rest all the happy ones whom the shepherd leadeth;
 Hears He their faintest cry and never vainly pleadeth
 Any who follow Him.
- 3 Many the dear lambs basking in Thy sunshine,
 Here and in Heav'n above, blessed, blessed Jesus,
 O Loving Shepherd, Thou whose watchful eye e'er sees us,
 Make us of that blest fold.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Written for this work by Miss LINA H. BARTON.

J. B. HERBERT.

Duct.

1. In the pur - ple depth of Heav - en, hung the ra-diant host of stars, Shin - ing on a group of
 2. "Fear not, for be-hold I bring you tid - lings of the Prince of Peace; Un - to you, in Dav - id's
 3. Through and through the world it echoes. — ech - oes still that Christmas song, Float - ing round a - bout the
 4. Ev - ery Christmas-tide it ech - oes With a clear - er sweet - er sound, Ev - ery Christ - mas-tide we

CHORUS.

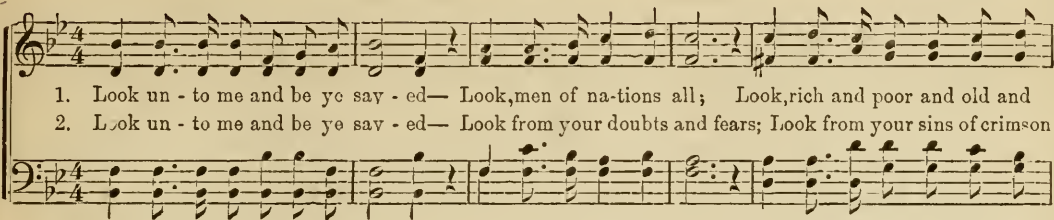
shep - herds gath - ered round their sleep - ing herd. When wide o - pen swung the por - tal, and from
 ci - ty is a Sav - ior born to - day. Kings the an - gel's Christmas mes - sage, tell - ing
 hov - els and the pal - ac - es of earth. "Glo - ry in the High - est, glo - ry!" joins the
 hear it ring - lug thro' the pass - ing year. In our hearts there ev - er lin - gers ech - oes

out the gold - en bars, Swept a blaze of heav - nly glo - ry, Swept the an - gels of the Lord,
 of a world's re - lease, "Glo - ry in the High - est glo - ry! Peace on earth and love for aye.
 whole an - gel - ic throng; "Peace on earth" the glo - rious greet - ings from the sil - ver trum - pets burst.
 of that an - gel song, Year - ly, as we near the hav - en, rings the cho - rus near and clear.

LOOK UNTO ME AND BE YE SAVED!

J. R. M.
4-26-77.

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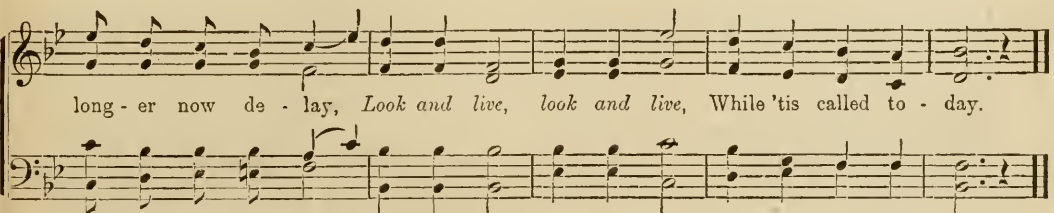


1. Look un - to me and be ye say - ed— Look, men of na - tions all; Look, rich and poor and old and
2. Look un - to me and be ye sav - ed— Look from your doubts and fears; Look from your sins of crimson



REFRAIN.

young, Look, sinners great and small. Look and live, look and live, Look nor dare no
dye, Look from your prayers and tears.



long - er now de - lay, Look and live, look and live, While 'tis called to - day.

I STAND ON MEMORY'S GOLDEN SHORE.

For memorial or other special occasions.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER. By Per.

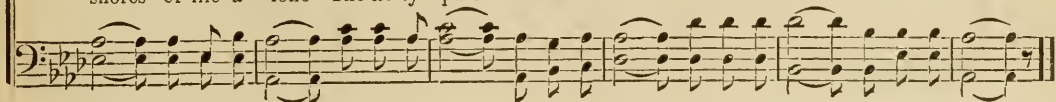
1. I stand on mem - 'ry's golden shore, And muse and dream, this autumn night, Re - call - ing,
 2. O thou un - love - ing, dreamy past, Give back what I have giv'n to thee— Flow'rs that love's
 3. I dream, but dream - ing is in vain, To re - sur - rect the buried 'dead, And wak - ing

forms that nev - er - more Shall bless on earth my wea - ry sight, I reach in vain to grasp the
 tree a - bor - tive cast, Fair hopes that 'mid thy treasure be! Life's tender buds that I have
 but renews my pain, With mem'ry of the vis - ion fled, In vain I tread on mem'ry's

hands That beckon from the farther side, Where gleams the shin - ing silver sands Where murmurs
 kiss'd And water'd with my anxious tears, I see not through the gath'ring mists Of doubt, and
 shore, And spread with tears for what is gone, The ho - ly past returns no more: I walk the



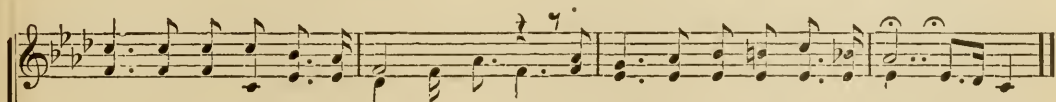
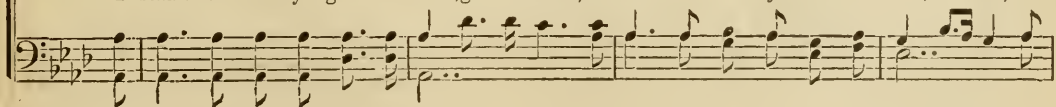
soft the sil-ver tide Where gleam the shin-ing silver sands—Where murmurs soft the silver tide.
vain distrust and fears I see not through the gath'ring mists Of doubt, and vain distrust and fears.
shores of life a - lone The ho-ly past returns no more: I walk the shores of life a - lone.



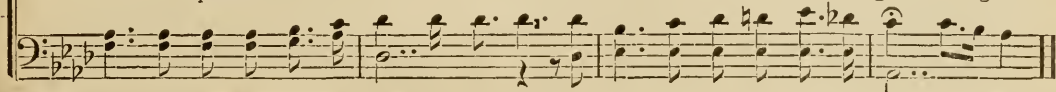
CHORUS.



I stand on mem'ry's gold-en shore, golden shore, I tread life's wea-ry rounds a - lone, a - lone, The



dear de - part-ed comes no more, nev - er more, The all of life I love is gone, is gone



O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD. (Responsive Service.)

(Careful attention is invited to the responsive services in this book which will amply repay all who use them for the drill necessary to render the music efficiently.)

Leader. (reads) O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good.

All sing.

No. 1.

For his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er.

Leader. O give thanks unto the God of gods.

All sing.

No. 2.

For His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

Leader. O give thanks unto the Lord of Lords, *All chant No. 1.*

Leader. To Him who alone doeth great wonders. *Chant No. 2.*

Leader. To Him that by wisdom made the heaven. *Chant No. 1.*

Leader. To Him that stretched out the earth above the heavens. *Chant No. 2.*

Leader. To Him that made great lights. *Chant No. 1.*

Leader. The sun to rule by day. *Chant No. 2.*

Leader. The moon and stars to rule by night. *Chant No. 1.*

Leader. O give thanks unto the Lord for He is good. *Chant No. 2.*

THE TEN BLESSINGS.

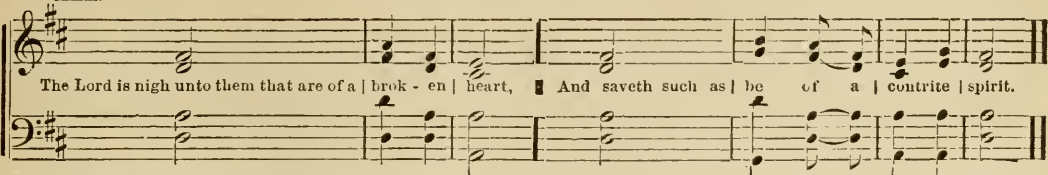
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LEADER.—And seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain; and when He had sat down, His disciples came unto Him, And He opened His mouth and taught them, saying:

I.

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

ALL.



LEADER.

II.

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

ALL Chant to above Music.

This is my comfort in | my af | fliction; | For Thy | Word hath | quickened me |

LEADER.

III.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

All Chanting.

The meek will He | guide in | judgment; | And the | meek will He | teach His | way |

LEADER.

IV.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

ALL.

He shall receive the | blessing from the | Lord; | And righteousness from the | God of | His sal | vation |

V.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

He that trusteth | in the | Lord; | Mercy shall | compass | him a | bout. |

LEADER.

VI.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

ALL.

Create in me a clean | heart, O | God. | And renew a right | spirit with | in me. |

LEADER.

VII.

Blessed are the peace makers; for they shall be called the children of God.

ALL.

Behold, how good and how | pleasant it is; | for brethren to | dwell to | gether in | uni | ty. |

LEADER.

VIII.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

ALL.

The salvation of the righteous is | of the | Lord; | He is their | strength in the | time of | trouble. |

LEADER.

IX.

Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake:

ALL.

The angel of the | Lord en | campeth | around them that fear him, | and de | livereth them. |

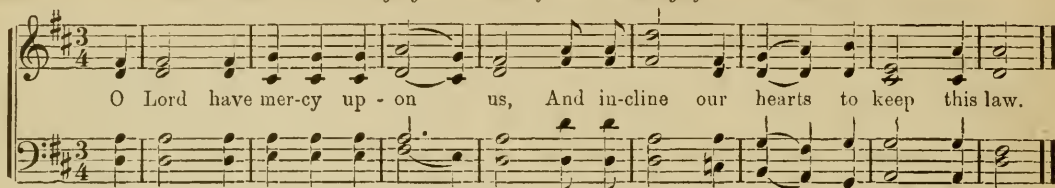
X.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for so persecuted they the prophets who were before you:

Blessed be the Lord the | God of | Israel; | From everlasting to ever | lasting, a | men and a | men. |

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

This Chant is to be sung by the School after the reading of each Commandment.



Leader.—And God spake all these words, saying :

I. Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth ; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them ; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me ; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments. (*Response as above.*)

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain. (*Response.*)

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work ; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates ; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it. (*Response.*)

V. Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. (*Response.*)

VI. Thou shalt not kill. (*Response.*)

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery (*Response.*)

VIII. Thou shalt not steal. (*Response.*)

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. (*Response.*)

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbors house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing which is thy neighbors. (*Response.*)

THE LAW OF LOVE. (Responsive Service.)

157

LEADER.—And Jesus said; The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt worship the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.

All Chant.

With my whole | heart have I sought thee, | Oh, let me not | wan-der from | Thy com-mandments.

LEADER.

And the second is like unto it; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

ALL. Chant as above.

Teach me, O Lord, the | way of Thy | statutes; | And I shall | keep it | unto the | end. ||

LEADER.

A new commandment I give unto you; That ye love one another. By this will all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

ALL.

Search me, O God, and | know my | heart. || Try me, and | know . . | my . . | thoughts. ||
And see if there be any wicked | way in | me; || And lead me in the | way ever-last- . . | ing. ||

LEADER.

Therefor all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the Law and the Prophets.

ALL.

The law was | given by | Moses; || Grace and truth | came by | Jesus | Christ. ||
And of His fulness have we | all re- | ceived, || And | grace for | grace, a- | men. ||

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